

2

T H E
RIVAL MODES:
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted by
His Majesty's Company of Comedians,
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
D R U R Y - L A N E.

WRITTEN BY
JAMES MOORE SMYTHE, Esq; *K*

-----*Castus Artemq; repono.* VIRG.

D U B L I N :

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To the Right Honourable

Sir Robert Walpole,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,

S I R,

AT this important Juncture, my Ambition should prompt me to enlarge upon your Vigilance and Conduct ; which must be admir'd with the same ready, and unanimous Concurrence, as has of late been shewn in every Branch of our Constitution, in Defence of its Priviledges, under Your Management of Affairs.

But my Fears with-hold me from that, and confine me to the Province of a Comic Writer, which is to look with Pleasure, and Attention, on the most amiable Character in *private* Life.

DEDICATION.

I mean, Sir, to view You, after the Close of a Day spent in the Assertion of Liberty ; indulging Freedom to those, who have the Happiness to be more particularly near Your Person. As if the Direction of your own Family was a Model of that Great Plan, from which Your Wisdom will never suffer you to vary in the Support of the *British* Establishment.

If any thing can give greater Proofs of a truly *English* Heart, 'tis Your steady Adherence to All, whom You have thought worthy to distinguish with the Honour of Your Friendship.

That every Person, who with Reason despairs of Your Great Abilities in Scenes of Business, may imitate Your Perfections as an *Englishman* ; and so really *be*, what the Force of Your Eloquence often leads them into, in Publick, is the sincerest Wish of,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

and most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

James Smythe.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *THEOBALD*,

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

THRO' various Paths the Comic Muse essays,
T'inspire her Sons to reach the promis'd Bays.
Some, true Knights-Errant, of the Spanish Breed,
Set out, with wild Adventures, to Succeed.
Action's in every Scene embarras'd there,
And turns, and doubles, like a hunted Hare.

Guileless of Plot, another Tribe engage,
With Humour only, to make Gay the Stage;
Debasing Nature down to Ridicule,
By a too monstrous, or too common Fool.

A Third, nor Humour, nor a Plot, displays;
But in the Language centres all his Praise;
Language so strong, and brought forth with such Pain,
As Pallas struggled from Jove's lab'ring Brain;
While Others such a skipping Dialect hit,
They play the Shuttlecock with bandied Wit.

Our Author owns, his vain Effort pursues
Not these mean Limits of contracted Views;
But sailing like a Faulcon with the Wind,
Attempts to rise with Genius unconfin'd;
Careless of single Parts, despising None,
Blends all at Will, and works them into One.

EPILOGUE.

*In strong Contrast sets Characters at strife,
And copies all those Characters from Life.
Demand you Fops, or Clowns, Coquettes, or Prudes?
Our Scene, each Kind, of English Growth includes.
Our Poet brings a Master-Glass to shew,
What your Sires were, and what your Selves are now*

*Silent attend, till Nature gives you Cause
To break Attention, by deserv'd Applause.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Arts that now conduct a Poet's Aim,
To raise an Epilogue to certain Fame,
Are these: If bad the Play, you must cry down
All other Follies that divert the Town.
A Pantomime once nam'd gives Mirth its Trap,
And the Word Eunuch proves a Thundring Clap:
Or in some Wanton Play of Words be shewn
Two Meanings, to conceal the Want of One.

*Our Author would this Epilogue essay,
As Hamlet shews a Play within a Play.
And tho' it be from our Stage-Business far,
Had tagg'd a Second Line with Gibraltar.
And the next Couplet with Success had made;
The Wit, tho' stale, the Rhyme was Masquerade.
In a bright Vein, burlesqu'd their Motley Habits,
And then grew wondrous smart upon the Rabbits.*

Hopd

EPILOGUE.

*Hop'd too, that from your Favour to these Scenes,
His Rival Modes may please, like Rival Queens.*

*But seriously; to leave these Fokes in Fashion,
He would*_____

To Petit-Maitres make his Invocation.

Their Characters have ne're yet reach'd the Top;

For Satire only finishes the Fop.

Since then no Fop, till well expos'd, should please,

Satire has yet been cruel to Toupets.

Stood silent still, nor ventur'd to declare,

That in their Mien, their Mode, their Dress, their Air,

" They would do all these Things, because they dare.

Should they refuse to Patronize our Cause,

Do you, who won't give them, give us Applause.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Earl of LATE-AIRS.
Lord TOUPET.
Sir OLIVER BRUIN.
BELLAMINE.
SAGELY.
HENRY.
GEORGE.

Mr. Cibber.
Mr. Cibber, jun.
Mr. Harper.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Miller.

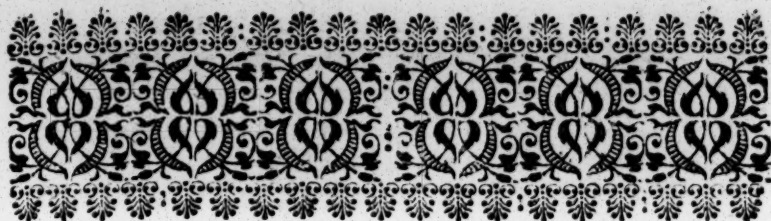
W O M E N.

AMORET.
MELISSA.
CLARY.

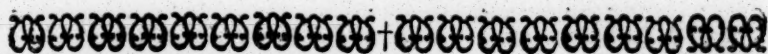
Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Porter.
Mrs. Horton.

The SCENE, AMORET'S House, and
Lord LATE-AIRS adjoining.

Time equal to that of the Representation.



T H E
Rival Modes.



A C T I.

S C E N E a Hall, in *Amoret's* House.

*Henry, and George following with a Letter in
his Hand.*

Hen. **C**OME, Mr. George: Give me leave to conduct you and your Letter to my Lord, considering he is very impatient to hear News from my young Master; and also that your Periwig with the hard Name, is now dress'd to the best Advantage.

Geo. Well then: The grand Affair being first dispatch'd, I proceed to the second; which is to acquaint his Lordship; that the Hopes of his Family will be here in an Hour.

Hen. Ah, Mr. George, and pray how?—

Geo. Oh! but before more Questions, give me leave to tell you, that my young Lord thinking all *English* Names founded à la *John Trott*, instead of *George* call'd me *Maquereau*, and that, Sir, is the Appellation of several well-

B

bred

bred People in *France*: Therefore by this only, you are henceforth to honour your most obedient Servant.

Hen. Why then, belike your Father was an Anabaptist, and you was forc'd to be christen'd at five and twenty.

Geo. No; it was because they found me in love with their Mode, and therefore baptiz'd me as a Convert.

Hen. Well, I never thought of this when I travell'd with my old Lord thirty Years ago, but return'd plain *Henry*—
O, Mr. *George*: I beg pardon, Mr. *Maquereau*, is it not very hard that I should not come back as great a Fop as you? for I am sure I went abroad as great a Fool.

Geo. Why, Faith I have known several *English* Servants, who thought it as fine to ride Post thro' a Country without catching any of the Air or Custom, as 'tis for a Tumbler to fly thro' a Hoop without touching it.

Hen. You are a shrewd Observer.

Geo. A Man must learn something in so much good Company. I have stood behind the Chairs of half the fine Fellows in *France*; and at last when I grew tired of that, Egad I had a mind to sit down with them.

Hen. Really?

Geo. Ay, and did so too; for I got five *Mississippi* Actions by an Intrigue with a certain Director's Gentleman's kept Mistress's Clear-starcher.

Hen. Look you there!

Geo. Upon this, Sir, I stept into a *French* Equipage, learnt the genteel Loll in a Berlin, and the easy Address you see: But when palming Paper on us for Money began to be the Manner of Payment in the *French* Bank, my Lacqueys grew something saucy for their Wages; so I paid them with a *Stick*, and told them it was the Custom of the *English* Exchequer.

Hen. Ha! Ha! Ha! And so being fatigu'd with the Government of a disorderly Family, you condescended to wear your Master's Cloaths again, that you might have an Opportunity of assisting him with your Advice.

Geo. Ay, ay; nothing but pure Affection.—You'll like my Choice, when you see how much he is improv'd, in whose Favour I proceed to give Sentence against all Beaus of
the

the last Age, tho' they made as brilliant a Figure now, as they did in their Prime.

Hen. Who told you this?

Geo. My Lord's Tutor : 'Tis not impossible, but you may profit too by his Instructions.

Hen. Indeed I have heard my Lord often say, that he has a very particular Stile in his Letters.

Geo. I dont doubt it.

Hen. Pray where did you meet with him?

Geo. At *Calais*—Tutors ply there as thick as Watermen; and my Master took him for the first Scull.

Hen. A Person of his Qualifications must certainly be of great Use to you.

Geo. O, from the first Moment.— Why, he helpt to take our things out of the Vessel, and bespoke a Dinner at the Post-Office.— But may I never comb a Pair of Ruffles again, if I had not all this while forgot— tho' in *France* 'tis not well-bred to ask an Husband the Question— but then, as she is my old Acquaintance— hang it, that's a vile Phrase too; pray Mr. *Henry*, how does your Spouse?

Hen. Ah! the Saints and Angels have her!

Geo. Dead! How?

Hen. Of several things: Of a Dropsy, of four Apothecaries—and of a *Tuesday*.— Which being over, after I had put her to Bed with a Shovel, and an Handful of Rosemary—I felt within me that pleasing Satisfaction which all Husbands feel when their Wives can feel no more.— But then on the other Side, some small Sparks of Nature which were left in me, kindled such a Conflict between Joy and Spleen, Mirth and Sadness, and all that, and the Lord knows what, that I was in a Condition which can better be conceiv'd than explain'd. In short, I was—I was glad and sorry at the same time.— But I think your Loss has been as great, and that your Wife dy'd—

Geo. In Childbed, five Months after Marriage. Pho, Pox, a little out in her Chronology, that's all; just the Difference of Stiles and Calendars.— She reckon'd by the *Julian*, and brought forth by the *Gregorian*.

Hen. Well, Wives dead or alive are such melancholy Subjects, that I am glad your Master is in no Danger of running

that Risk with the Lady he comes to court; for the Charms of his Dress, or Equipage, can never prevail upon the Severity of her Temper.

Geo. Now will I bett a Year's Wages, that she does not outgo us in Indifference; for there is hardly any one of my Masters's Sett that would part with an Opera Ticket to save all Womankind.

Hen. Indeed! sounconcern'd?— Why then, I think I hear the Voices of two within, who are not so cool in their Attacks; and so let us retire to our Business.

Geo. O! ay, the Letter— Stay— no, this is not it— Faith, I never look over this Copy of Verses that went in my Master's Name upon the Dutcheß of *Bon-Fard*, but I grudge the rascally Author the *Surtout* he got for writing them— For you must know, that in *France* they are fonder of Poetry than earthen Ware— and that the Price is settled between old Cloaths and new Wit. For Example, now; a *Surtout* that hides Dirt or an ill Shape, for a Panegyrick; an Hat for a Motto, that you may put off or on when you please; and a Cravat that will gather much Air, tho' it bety'd strait enough to hurt some one Person, for a Lampoon— The Fellow assisted me too in a Trifle I inscrib'd to a Lady's Woman; but I promis'd to pay him in Kind, by sending him some new *English* thing; and to pay him in Kind, I must positively send him the dullest.

Hen. Send him the new Play, as soon as 'tis damn'd.

Geo. Ay, ay, — Allons — Donc.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene continues.

Sagely crossing the Stage — Bellamine following him.

Bell. Nay, *Frank, Frank*; what! give Ground to a Woman! 'sdeath, I shall have her entertain as many insolent Airs upon this, as a City Lady the first *Sunday* at Church after her Husband has purchas'd an *Irish* Barony.

Sage. Her Triumphs in my Absence will give me less Pain than her Behaviour in my Company; and since she has forc'd me to a Retreat, I shall hardly undergo a second Ceremony of confessing my Weakness.

Bell. Pshaw, Pshaw; tho' your Ranks are a little broke, yet hold your Colours fast; but if after every Defeat you'll
be

be more difficult to rally than a *French Army*, why then indeed—

Sage. Why then I shou'd but return her the Compliment, in resembling the Men of a Country where she so strongly does the Women; if Pride, wanton Affectation, loose Impertinence, and abandon'd Gaiety can form a Similitude.

Bell. Allow your Reproaches to be just, and they turn upon your self. Weigh it well: Why did you first with open Eyes servilely devote your self there; or after your Attachment, why think to gain her by that continued Severity? How like a Statue have I seen you stand, to teach her by a musty Moral, that her Passion for you ought to be reciprocal? when if your Arguments cou'd have prevail'd on her, that it was really her Duty, she would for that Reason have declin'd it.

Sage. Death and the Devil! Is the Humour of a Woman longer to be supported, that has Levity enough not to ask herself the Question, whether she can approve of her Lover or no; has Inconstancy enough to leave him after approving him; nay, Ingratitude after that to bestow her Affections on another; and whenever she finds an Interval from any of these pretty Passions, 'tis only when she has Indifference enough to like nothing at all?

Bell. Women, like a Pair of Scales, are only indifferent when they have nothing in them—Come, come, I know the Occasion of your late Quarrel: But can you reasonably expect a fine Lady to be offended with a Man, because he has the Misfortune to be passionately fond of her?

Sage. No; but I expect her to be cool in her Inclinations to him as her Lover, and warm in her Resentment against him as an Enemy: But instead of receiving favourably the Address of some one Rival, is not she continually forming new Acquaintance without making the least Enquiry into their Characters?

Bell. She makes amends for that after she has made the Enquiry, by quitting them as soon, whether they have any Merit or no.

Sage. So you think that one who begins a Friendship without Discernment, has a Right to leave it without Deliberation.

liberation. Why then does she not banish half those Creatures that flutter about her Toilet?

Bell. Because she is so far advanc'd in her Reputation of Gaiety, that her Severity to one Man would only bear the Appearance of her making him a Sacrifice to another.

Sage. She is mistaken tho', if she thinks to amuse the Town with Numbers; for the malicious Tea-tables know how to separate from the Crowd those Gentlemen whom her Ladyship distinguishes.

Bell. Better again; for if they did not fix upon some particular Men, they would fancy from the Eclat of her Assemblies, that she was in Love with the whole Sex.

Sage. You are as profuse of your Excuses for the Women, as if you resolv'd to commit Matrimony at any rate; which makes me sorry that you are so long confin'd to your Liberty.

Bell. Why, Faith, I know few Faults in a Wife, which can justify a Husband's being alarm'd at her Conduct.

Sage. No? Why, suppose the Lady you happen upon should be sordidly covetous?

Bell. She won't hurt my Estate.

Sage. Or exorbitantly fond of Gaming?

Bell. She may win enough to maintain me.

Sage. Or a Lady of admirable Reading, that neglects every thing but the Improvement of her Knowledge?

Bell. I shou'd then have an Excuse for locking her into her Closet among a Number of other Curiosities, which are too well polish'd to be of any Use for what they were first design'd.

Sage. If she was Coquetish to Affectation?

Bell. I shou'd like her the better for being skill'd in the Art of pleasing.

Sage. But that may lead her to be amorous.

Bell. I'd try then to captivate her with my own Person.

Sage. Modest enough! — But suppose she shou'd put on the Appearance of being Religious?

Bell. Hum, Hey! — Egad — I am aground — Why then, *Sagely*, the Lord have mercy upon me for having to do with one that wou'd cheat both Heaven and herself — Nay, nay, this is no time to trifle — You know the Admittance

tance was refus'd equally to us both, and that your Mistress's Cousin, my grave Tyrant, has us'd me with so much Indifference of late, that if a marry'd Woman, to whom I address'd, treated me in the same manner, I believe I should in time grow jealous of her Husband.

Sage. How!

Bell. Read that——

Sage. [*Takes the Letter, and reads it.*]

“ The Occasion of my Father's coming to Town, calls
“ upon me to consider the Necessity of being dispos'd in
“ Duty to his Commands ; which I can now with as
“ much Pleasure obey, as you seem to receive, when
“ you sacrifice to Mirth the strictest Principles of Honour and Virtue. Your Affectation of Gaiety is, in
“ my Opinion, downright Libertinism ; which might
“ better be employ'd in the Service of those Ladies, whose
“ Education may have afforded them Notions more at
“ large than those of——

MELISSA.

Now, faith, I think she is in the right—— and yet I have told you of this above an hundred times. It *Amoret* entertain'd the same Sentiments, I should be happy indeed ; but you may convince your self to the contrary. There——

[*Gives Bell. a Letter.*]

Bell. Reads—— *Sage's* Letter——

“ Your eternal grave manner of declaring your Passion, makes me ask you if you think to gain a Mistress, like Prince *Prettyman*, by falling asleep. I do for my own Part assure you, that the Solemnity of your outward Behaviour has never yet disguis'd the Dulness of your Understanding from

A MORET.

Ha, ha, ha ; true by this Light. Hark ye, have not I told you of this above an hundred times ?—— Now are here two Letters, as opposite to each other in their Stiles, as these two Coxcombs are in their Characters.

Lord Lateairs, Sir Oliver Bruin, to them.

Lord Lat. *Bellamine, Sagely, Mes Chers,* your Congratulations I have heard from my Son *Toupet*, and shall have the Honour of calling *Sir Oliver Bruin* Brother upon his Arrival.

Sage.

Sage. [*Aside to Bellamine.*] — There's News for you, — O my Lord, 'tis impossible to tell which of you will be honour'd most by this Alliance.

Sir Ol. Troth, as it shall appear — Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen; I am come, as you see, to waste a little Stock of Health amongst you here in Town.

Lord Lat. You have been saving it so long in the Country, that you may afford to be profuse of it now, *Sir Oliver.*

Sir Ol. Nay, and your Lordship does not seem to have lost much; for, in my Opinion, you wear very well.

Lord Lat. Wear well!

Sir Ol. Ay, ay, my Lord, you are very much beholden to Nature; in troth you are.

Lord Lat. To Nature?

Sir Ol. Ay, ay, for a Man of your Years.

Lord Lat. My Years!

Bell. [*Aside.* Zoons, we shall have these Fools quarrel before their time.] O my Lord, when *Sir Oliver* says you are beholden to Nature, he means for your Accomplishments, and not your Constitution.

Lord Lat. Does he! 'Tis well; for I had rather be thought indebted to Art, than Nature.

Bell. Your Lordship seems to be won over to the general Opinion.

Lord Lat. Hey! ay, or how shall some Fellows that I can name, wear as brilliant a Vermeille upon their Cheeks in an Evening, as my Lady *Ample* just risen from Table; when you will find them the next Morning with no more natural Complexion than her Ladyship's fifth Husband after the first Month?

Sage. Nay, I expect to see them more flagrant still, in Obedience to the *French* Custom, where the Ladies lay on Paint as exorbitantly, as if they wore it for a Mask — It is not meant as an Addition to Nature in a beautiful Face, but design'd to appear an Art; as the Composers of our Opera's scorn to call in the Assistance of good Poetry, that they may show how the Science of Musick can shine by it self.

Sir

Sir Ol. For which Reason, by my Consent, those Gentlemen shou'd play by themselves.

Lord Lat. Faith, and so they shou'd. I tell thee, *Sagely*, the small Share I had once there in the Direction, gave me more Fatigue than the Care of my Wife's Funeral. But capon me, if ever they catch me meddling again.— Would you believe it— One of them positively refus'd to sing the Part of a Prince in an Opera, till he was sure he appear'd by the Story to be legitimate; and by all that's foolish, *Signiora Chose* wou'd not come on to sing a Queen, for want of a proper Attendance, till we had sent for six Scene-keepers Wives extraordinary to be Maids of Honour.

Sage. That was hard.

Lord Lat. But I was even with her in the next Debate, whether she shou'd wear Powder in her Hair; when the Ayes wou'd have carry'd it, but for my Voice, which reduc'd her Ladyship to the Privilege of powdering but one Side.

Bell. Bravo! Bravo!

Lord Lat. Egad, she left the Kingdom upon it: But in short, the *grossier* Treatment I met with there, turn'd my Thoughts upon serving my Country in t'other House; for Curse catch me, if I did not find it impossible to go thro' the Fatigues of both: Why, a Man might as well pretend to correct all the Votes of the old *Irish* Parliaments.

Sage. Yes; but you ought to be indulg'd at your Committees in the Privileges of an old *Irish* Senator— For why shou'd not you have a Liberty of speaking unintelligibly in a Morning, about an Entertainment which no body comes to understand at Night.

Bell. But no Speech ought to have the Liberty of not being understood, unless 'tis first set to Musick.

Lord Lat. Why then strike me deaf, if I wou'd have suffer'd mine to have been set— because then they must have suffer'd under an *English* Composer.

Sir Ol. Nay, faith, 'tis pity but your Words shou'd have Justice done them.

Lord Lat. And you'll think so too, when you have seen more of the Town. Will you give me leave to show you some of it now?

Sir Ol. With all my heart: Pray what are your Coffee-Houses?

Lord Lat. I know but two—— for I generally divide my Hours between the Lion and the Den: When I am tir'd of losing my Money at *White's*, I like to lose my Time at *But-ton's*—— Gentlemen, do we go thither?

Sir Ol. Ay, my Lord; but first I must go lose a little Time at my Lawyer's, and if you don't go with me, I may chance to lose my self. [Exeunt Lord and Sir Oliv.]

Bellamine. Sagely.

Sage. This Coxcomb of a Lord seems as much more affected since the Honour of his Earldom, as he was after the Purchase of his Barony; and grows like some modern Poems, more intolerable upon every new Edition.

Bell. His Decline of Years tho' makes him abate something of his natural Vivacity—— This he seems sensible of, and makes it up by a settled serious Opinion of himself. His Youth and Fortune made his Vanity sit formerly upon him as easy as an agreeable Jest; but he now takes pains to convince you that he acts in earnest. This Addition of Gravity makes him as entertaining in his Folly, as you are in your Fits of Jealousy.

Sage. Why really when I'm jealous of my Mistress, or he fond of himself, I don't know which places his Affections most ridiculously.

Bell. Now I do; for his Lordship is certain of having no Rivals in his Amour, and I wish heartily that was at present my Case: But I fear that 'twill be impossible to make this old Knight depart from the Resolution he has form'd; for I never yet in Moroseness of Temper met with his Equal.

Sage. One only I have found, whom I hope you may call Uncle—— a Brother of his, who had formerly a Command in the *Baltick*.

Bell. Nay, indeed the Philosophers observe, there is no Monster upon Land, but has something of the same Specie to answer it at Sea. Well, one Comfort still I have left, which is his Pride: That throws him under the Fear of meeting

meeting with Mortifications from those who do not address to him, and makes him kindly receive the Flattery of those who do.

Sage. Now the Devil's in't, if this Man can't as easily be misled by another into a doating Fondness, as by himself into a brutal Aversion.

Bell. Ay, ay, when either Courting or Fright'ning occasions a Compliance; why then you know kicking or kissing—

Sage. Well; but prithee, *Ned*; why sure you have no Design of beating him into a Consent of being related to you, if all your other Schemes should fail?

Bell. Ha, ha:—I—I—No—no—I—Sir. I say all other Schemes shall not fail.

Sage. Nay, I must confess you to be in a very fair way.

Bell. Well, Sir, to convince you that you have no Occasion to insult, I agree to balance with you, which of us in our different Addresses has the most visible Means of Success.

Sage. To begin then: Tho' the Consent of a Father to the Marriage of an only Child might have been just a necessary Trifle or so to be thought on, yet you begin your Attack without asking it.

Bell. The Consequence?

Sage. Plain—you'll end without getting it—Besides, she having a considerable Fortune in her own Possession, I say perhaps 'tis possible she may bestow that on a Man she approves.

Bell. Indeed?

Sage. You can want no Reason to convince you that she never has. But when you consider her endow'd with the Seriousness of a Nun that takes the Habit, and your self the Gaiety of one that quits it, it may serve as an Argument to convince you that she never will.

Bell. Faith, there may be something in this; but yet things directly opposite have still a Chance of meeting. This Maxim too makes full in your Favour.

Sage. True, because if *Amoret* is indolently sunk in a Taste of eternal Pleasure—

Bell. You are rigidly attach'd to Regularity.

Sage. Then when I offer at any Instruction to her on her Behaviour, she hears me——

Bell. As a City Banker does a Charity Sermon.

Sage. And yet notwithstanding the Strength of this Opposition, I am villanously prepossess'd that I shall be able to talk her into Reason.

Bell. Say'st thou so? Why then, to confess in my turn, I have hopes of rallying my Tyrant into a Compliance.

George——*crossing the Stage.*

Sage. In order to that, I have some Reasons for employing this Fellow. Hark'e, Friend; can I say a word to you?

Geo. I am most unfortunately a little embarrass'd at present; but I will wait upon your Honour again in the time that an *Italian Abbé* can drink up a Bottle of *Perfico*.

[*Exit.*

Bell. Well, *Frank*, now set we forward, and

*If Madness gives us exquisite Delight,
None but our Foes won'd set our Senses right.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT



A C T II.

SCENE *continues.*

CLARY.

TIS strange that the whole Town shou'd discover such Charms in my Lady, and that I shou'd be the last in finding them out: But ever since my Lord *Fleury* grew passionately fond of her, her Beauty has been in high Reputation. He passes to have a Taste: This flung some Gentlemen into a real Desire, and others into a Vanity of pleasing her. And now those who wou'd be reveng'd on a scornful Mistress, or those who would awaken Jealousy in an indifferent one, have nothing to do but to make their Approaches. Then the Creatures in Bags must flutter here o'course to follow the Mode—Where they find a Toilet to attend—a Lady that will encourage—and a Chambermaid that will flatter—for when I deceive but six in a Day, I think I have very small Work for my next Confession.

Amoret. Melissa.

Am. Clary, Let my Cousin know when Sir *Oliver* comes—[*Exit Clary.*] But pray my dear contemplative Cousin consider, that nothing is so odious, as offering to give good Advice till one is past setting a bad Example.

Mel. You can't properly call it my Advice, when I only repeat the Opinion of the whole Town.

Am. Indeed, Child, the Town is a mighty silly Town, and the Age is a very foolish Age, and the whole World dotes more and more, as it grows older. I wish therefore
you

Sage. Then when I offer at any Instruction to her on her Behaviour, she hears me——

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George——*crossing the Stage.*

Sage. In order to that, I have some Reasons for employing this Fellow. Hark'e, Friend; can I say a word to you?

Geo. I am most unfortunately a little embarrass'd at present; but I will wait upon your Honour again in the time that an *Italian Abbé* can drink up a Bottle of *Perfico*.

[*Exit.*

Bell. Well, *Frank*, now set we forward, and

*If Madness gives us exquisite Delight,
None but our Foes wou'd set our Senses right.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT



A C T II.

SCENE *continues.*

CLARY.

TIS strange that the whole Town shou'd discover such Charms in my Lady, and that I shou'd be the last in finding them out: But ever since my Lord *Fleury* grew passionately fond of her, her Beauty has been in high Reputation. He passes to have a Taste: This flung some Gentlemen into a real Desire, and others into a Vanity of pleasing her. And now those who wou'd be reveng'd on a scornful Mistress, or those who would awaken Jealousy in an indifferent one, have nothing to do but to make their Approaches. Then the Creatures in Bags must flutter here o'course to follow the Mode—Where they find a Toilet to attend—a Lady that will encourage—and a Chambermaid that will flatter—for when I deceive but six in a Day, I think I have very small Work for my next Confession.

Amoret. Melissa.

Am. Clary. Let my Cousin know when Sir *Oliver* comes—[*Exit Clary.*] But pray my dear contemplative Cousin consider, that nothing is so odious, as offering to give good Advice till one is past setting a bad Example.

Mel. You can't properly call it my Advice, when I only repeat the Opinion of the whole Town.

Am. Indeed, Child, the Town is a mighty silly Town, and the Age is a very foolish Age, and the whole World dotes more and more, as it grows older. I wish therefore
you

you would truce with your Homilies, and regard my Actions with as much Indifference, as *Bellamine* does your Lectures of Morality.

Mel. I am sorry you are piqu'd enough to name the Man in the World to me, whose Faults are——

Am. Mingled with a great many more Virtues. Nay, Child, I swear you are in the right: for it Indifference shines in him now he is a Lover, how will it blaze in him when he is a Husband? especially if he happens to be yours; for that is positively a Virtue which never dwindles by Marriage.

Mel. I vow you are witty.

Am. No indeed, I am serious: O, I like a Fellow that does not upon every trifling Occasion confess Disorder—— that won't interpret one's Vapours to be occasion'd by his Conversation, or one's Gaiety by Reflection upon the Address of his Rival. The Man who is jealous enough to pique me with a Reproach, has a very uncommon Way of showing his Love, by giving it the Appearance of Hatred. I know only one odder still, which is my Endeavour to convince him that I esteem him, by seeming to despise him.

Mel. So then, you will admit any Neglect in the Conduct of a Gallant, if he makes no Enquiry into yours.

Am. O, no; I should like a reasonable Man, but not a Man that will reason. I would have him still behave with as much Caution to me, as if he thought every trifling Offence an unpardonable Fault.

Mel. That will never be, till you behave with as much Partiality to him, as if you thought his unpardonable Faults trifling Offences. Now am I astonish'd, that you who profess a Taste for absolute Power, should not chuse a jealous Lover for your Subject, whose very Faults are a Proof of his Allegiance; nay, one too that will suffer you to use him ill for his Fidelity. Tho' among this Set you may perhaps meet with some Rebels, take my word for it, you will find amongst the other a great many more Deserters; and the Fear of being a little oppos'd, is not half so great as of being entirely abandon'd.

Am. You wou'd say then, that the indifferent People love best, and the jealous most—— Well, it may be so——
and

and now I think on't I'll hate them both : Positively, the Man I chuse shall be an amiable *Ambigu*.

Mel. How do you mean? [*Clary whispers Melissa.*]

Am. That he shall have good Nature enough to be reason'd into a Compliance, when 'tis necessary for me; and Warmth enough to be teiz'd into a Discontent, when 'tis entertaining to me.

Mel. Well, my Dear, I ask your Pardon that I can't continue this important Discourse upon the Man you would chuse; for my Father has Commands for me within, I'm afraid upon the same Subject.

Am. Has he? Well, call me to your Assistance if he names any one to you but *Bellamine*.

Mel. Pish, I am not in an Humour now to understand Raillery. [*Exit Melissa.*]

Am. Ha! ha! Well *Clary*, who have you deny'd me to to-day?

Cla. Only Mr. *Sixieme*, Madam.

Am. Oh! — very well; that Creature deserves being piqu'd for having Success in nothing but Cards.

Cla. The only Place where amongst Women he ought to be unfortunate.

Am. Then he has such an horrid way of looking pleas'd when he wins,

Cla. Impertinent!

Am. Besides, he hates the Smell of Snuff.

Cla. Clownish!

Am. Then he brought over a new Receipt for washing Lace from *Paris*, and neglected to send me the first Copy.

Cla. The Devil — Well, Madam, his Banishment will make room again for little Mr. — I can't hit of his Name; He that has so much Business, that writes a Song in a Morning, sets a Tune to it in the Afternoon, sings it in the Evening, and dances to it at Night.

Am. O, ay; he that made the same *Chanson* three times — *extempore*.

Cla. And as Mr. *Froth* told him, sung it so too when he humm'd it out of Time.

Am. He has been of late immoderately civil. He has favour'd me with a Sight of his Manuscript of Lampoons which

which calls Names with such infinite Malice, and so little Distinction, that the Publication can't be made till after his Death.

Cla. [*Aside.*] Then if he marries you, you'll wish to see them printed.

Am. Besides, I cou'd never have excell'd Lady *Prim* in Exactness of Correspondence, if he had not instructed me in the new Mode of folding a Letter.

Cla. And yet I'll hold Ten to Five, that he will have his Foibles before Night—Ah, *Clary*! Your Ladyship will give me leave to make use of your Cast-off Speeches—How engaging that Fellow is—Well, if ever I was to change my Condition—I think I could be constant there—Yes, Madam, says I; your Ladyship is as much in the Right of this Choice, as you have been in twenty before—The next Day I'm a Fool; the Man is discarded for being too fond, too indifferent, too tender, or too plain; for liking Plays, hating Squirrels, or some such Reason of equal Importance, that makes a Virtue of Inconstancy.

Am. And don't you approve of Variety, Madam, where it brings you in so many different Benefactors?

Cla. O, the best in the World. A fresh Gallant gives one indeed a little Trouble for the first Week; for then one is forc'd to fly about with Letters between you, as quick as a new Lampoon. But then soon comes the dear Pleasure of betraying one to another; of false Vows, Scandal, torn *Billet-doux*, and loud Whispers—with which till your Ladyship has fix'd a serious Choice, we may entertain our selves charmingly in the mean time.

Am. Any thing to amuse one's Spleen for the Loss of an indulgent Husband.

Cla. Now in the Name of Wonder, what Occasion can you have for Spleen? You are young and handsome enough to deserve the richest Man, and have Fortune enough to purchase the youngest and handsomest; ay, and one too that may crown all your Wishes with a glittering Title.

Am. But is it not hard, that to gain a Title one must part with a Reality, which are the Charms of Widowhood?

Cla. Hum; why'tis hard, but unavoidable: A lubberly Husband must accompany a Title, as a decay'd Jointure-House

House does an Estate, Your Ladyship knows what trouble the last gives you: You are forc'd indeed for your own sake to insure it from taking fire; and when it wants Repairs—why then you just fit up the middle Rooms for your own Conveniency.

Am. This is the giddiest Girl: Well, sure the Star that twinkled at my Birth is mightily in my debt, that I was not a Person of Quality?

Gla. Really, Madam, I have so small belief in Stars, that I think the darkest Nights are the best—your Ladyship has reason to remember one, I'm sure; when in returning from the Masquerade, our Flambeaux were out, our Footmen drunk, our Coach over-turn'd, and my old Master jingling about the Court-yard with the Key in his Pocket till five in the Morning.

Am. O! ay, the Cerberus with histriple Chin—when my poor corpulent Dear, and his ghastly old Book-keeper advanced to burst their great Gates asunder, it gave me a lively Image of those frightful Figures in *Milton* of Sin and Death.

Gla. Faith I was not so Poetical, but wou'd have told him his own in plain Prose.—But when I only offer'd a Word in contradiction to his surly Reproaches of our innocent Pleasures, he was in such haste to send me packing, that he snatch'd a Pen from his Book-Keeper's Perriwig, tore off a piece from a dirty Letter, and wrote my Discharge upon the side of a Leathern Bucket that hung upon a Peg in the Entry.

Am. Poor *Clary*!—But I had not leisure to be concerned for you then; the Man's Passion was so diverting when he stamp'd about for the Improvement of his Pavement—and beat his favourite Footman with his Plush Night-Cap, till at last the violent Fleury threw him into an odd kind of a Convulsion.

Gla. A Convulsion! Faith 'twas one that lasted him for life then.

Am. Why what became of him then?

Gla. Why, why, why bless me, does not your Ladyship remember? why, Madam—he dy'd.

Am. O! ay, he dy'd. But, as I was saying, my late Dear having scrap'd up immense Sums by his Usury among

mong People of Quality, it would be generous to restore the Money again within that Circle.

Cl. I comprehend—'tis then a Marriage of Conscience you would make, and would fling your Money into the Protection of some pretty Fellow with a Title, whose Father's Coffers may have been pillaged by your Husband's Extortion, and so make a generous Act of Restitution.

Am. Ay, Child, thou hast hit it, a Restitution.

Cl. Well, 'tis a Blessing upon your Ladyship's Endeavours, that you need not give yourself much Fatigue in finding out such a Person, tho' I don't doubt your Industry after your set upon it;—but the Question is, whether you would chuse a Coach with a Coronet, or with Horses?

Am. I know not which is worst—and yet methinks I had rather be the most indebted of the whole Court, and known only to my Creditors, than be longer encanail'd with these City Relations.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Maudam, your Laydyship's Brother-in-law Mr. *Wouldlend* the Scrivener desires to be remember'd to you and to acquaint you as how, that he, and his Wife, and the Leatherfeller's Widow that has got the Ptifick, with her Nephew that's just come from Sea, set out all four together to-morrow in his Chariot for *Dagenham*, to make a Party of Pleasure.

Am. A Party of Pleasure!

Foot. Yes, an't please you; why he has sent some of the City Musick before: his Niece that was taking the fresh Air in the Salt-Marshes is to meet them; and he hopes your Ladyship will come to be her Partner at the Ball.

Am. Her Partner, *Clary*?—Pray tell Mr. *Wouldlend*, that he may content himself with being call'd my late Husband's Brother, because upon his Death our Relation might cease.

Foot. Maudam, I'll doot.

[*Going.*

Am. And d'ye hear!—to answer the extraordinary Style of his Message, let him know that the Embarrass I receive from the Visits of the *Grand Monde*, prevents my being the fifth in his Chariot to-morrow—or leading
ing

ing up a Country Dance with his Niece; — but that if his Lady will do me the honour any *Saturday* in the Afternoon, to join a Party of *Quadrille* here, while they wash her Apartments at home, I will certainly return the Compliment, tho' it be *seulement pour me faire Ecrire*.

Foot. Forsooth?

Cla. Why don't you fly with your Answer, Blunderbuss? I'm sure you understand my Lady full as well as I do—I think this is the only Fool left of our last Ministry.

[*Exit Footman*.]

Well, Madam, these Mortifications will turn your Thoughts I hope once more in favour of Mr. *Sagely*, for you know there is but one old fumbling Fellow between him and a Barony.

Am. Oh! well remember'd; I wanted an Opportunity to give him Pain, and I'll go in and think of one now. Pray do you take care that those Trifles he sent for Presents may be return'd to him, and let him know that he is positively forbid all admittance.

Cla. O Lard! Madam, I hope your Ladyship won't suffer——

Am. You to be impertinent! let me hear no more of your Difficulties.

[*Exit Amoret*.]

Cla. Why really there is no great Difficulty in telling Mr. *Sagely*, that my Lady will be at the expence of a *Smiff* extraordinary to shut the Door against him. But as for the returning the Toys, there must go more than one Word to that Bargain. When he sees how this pretty Ring becomes my Finger, he'll certainly take the right Hint; if he should forget to sling in the *Etuy* with it for a Present, I can but rub up his Memory with asking him for that, and then after two such Favours, I should be ungrateful indeed to part with his Picture.

Enter George.

Cla. O! Mr. *George*, is your Lord come yet? for I thought I heard a Chair stop at the Door.

Geo. No really, it was only my unworthy self in it—— they have got such a confounded way of paving their Streets here, that 'tis impossible, without the Assistance of a Chair, to come spruce into an Antichamber,

Cla. Well, I assure you that we are all in mighty expectation here of seeing your young Master.

Geo. But, *Mrs. Clary*, I am inasmuch hope of having a new Master, as I am now of being well receiv'd by a new Mistress.

Cla. I don't understand you.

Geo. 'Tis in your power to explain one, and *Mr. Sagely* can give you the reason of t'other.

Cla. *Mr. Sagely*!

Geo. Yes really, Madam, I stand tottering upon the Brink of Compliance to his Request, that I wou'd do him the honour of combing his Periwigs; for what Valet can resist the Temptation of serving where the Master is deeply in love? Oh! it gives one a thousand Opportunities of exerting the Brightness of one's Talents: nay, the duce take me if I an't splenetick enough sometimes, to fancy that my Wit is a little sullied already for want of use!

Cla. Indeed! Why did your young Lord then never give it any Exercise?

Geo. Oh Lord! oh Lord! why don't you know that the young Gentlemen now-a-days only dress to please themselves, and one another? but that is no more *Mr. Sagely's* Case, than 'tis mine. Oh! had you heard what he just now utter'd in the heat of his rising Passion? Did he not call your Lady Jilt, Coquet, and—

Cla. Hold! hold! *Mr. George*.

Geo. I am sure that I stick mighty closely to the Sense, tho' I don't know if I remember enough of the Words.

Cla. Nay, you don't seem to have lost many of them.

Geo. Or had you seen him when Nature gave way to the violent Transports——then when he could no more, he leant his falling Body on the Bed; I say, then you would have seen him——

Cla. Faint away?

Geo. No, fall fast asleep.

Cla. Poor Gentleman!

Geo. And having much Business with your Lady in his Dream, he wak'd to send me with this Interpretation of it.

Cla. A Letter! and how do you think it shall be deliver'd?

Geo.

Geo. [*Putting the Letter into her Hand.*]—There—do to your Lady just as I have done to you, and the whole Affair is finish'd.

Cla. Is it so, *Jack-a-dandy*? but I tell you all Intercourse is strictly forbid.

Geo. And you won't?

Cla. I dare not.

Geo. Really?

Cla. No.

Geo. I shall think of this, Hussy, when I am your Husband.

Cla. Whoever is my Husband, Sirrah, shall have things enough else to think of.

Geo. Faith, I believe that too; — but for Heav'n's sake what can be the meaning of this damnable Fricau between them?

Cla. Why you must know, thas as this Pair of Turtles were walking together t'other Evening in *Kensington* Gardens, breathing Vows and whispering Sighs, whips me by a young Gentleman dress'd in the full Mode—Lard, says my Lady, that is the prettiest Man, Mr. *Sagely*; you absent Thing, why don't you look?—Madam, says he, I am fixing my Attention upon the beautiful'st Woman yonder that Nature ever fram'd—Well, he has the most irresistible Air, says she; and she the most enchanting Shape, says he:—She renew'd her Praises of the Gentleman——he redoubled his of the Lady. One talk'd eternally, and you wou'd have thought t'other wou'd never have done.—At last, Sir says she, since you seem so fond of the Lady, I wou'd not detain you from more agreeable Conversation. Madam, says he, if you please then I can call the Gentleman to entertain you in my absence—You seem piqu'd, Sir, says my Lady—O! the furthest in the World from being piqu'd, Madam; rot your Indifferencetho', for I never was cooler in my Life; but curse me if ever I speak to you again.—She burst into a loud Laugh, join'd another Company of Ladies.—

Geo. And he?

Cla. and he repeated the cursing Speech against Women in the *Orphan*, tumbled over a Rowler, and call'd a Coach.

Geo.

Geo. Hush! hush! here comes the Hero of the Story.

Enter Sagely.

Sag. Well, Mrs. *Clary*, now do I expect to find you full fraught with some terrible Message, for which you will offer more Excuses in delivering, than a Prolocutor at the Dismission of an Assembly.

Cla. [*In a whining Tone.*] Really, Sir, I am almost afraid to show you the Presents, my Lady order'd me to return, lest the sight shou'd afflict you too much.

Sag. [*Mimicking her.*] I am indebted to you for your Caution, and that I may have an opportunity of saying, I have plac'd them more deservingly, pray keep them yourself, pretty Mrs. *Clary*.

Cla. I would willingly do as much more to oblige you, Sir.

Enter Amoret.

Am. Well, *Clary*, have you sent?---[*Seeing Sagely---starts.*

Sag. You seem surpriz'd, Madam, at my Visit; yet you will give it, I hope, a more favourable Name than that of an Intrusion, because your Ladyship's Apartment is a Place, where the whole World is admitted, without Distinction or Invitation.

Am. This fresh Arrogance is so insupportable, that in spite of all the Submissions you will soon be glad to make me, I shall use you as ill for it, as I wou'd any one who even dar'd to think of half what you dare to say.

Sag. You need not doubt the Courage, Madam, of a great many Persons, who dare to think of half what I say; but I should call their Judgment in question, if they pretended to think of half what you act.

Geo. A home Push, Faith!

Sag. 'Tis in vain longer to attempt blinding the Town by the Variety of People that attend you, for your Gallants like your Faults, are not to be conceal'd by Numbers; they know how to distinguish every Person's different Views, notwithstanding the Contradiction in Characters you have jumbled together for the sake of defeating their Inquiry.

Am. Contradiction in Characters.

Sag. Yes, yes, they know that the swearing Viscount makes his Devoirs here to the religious Dutcheß; the
gaming

gaming Colonel has hopes of the covetous Widow, and the new-made Knight that cuts Papers for Watches, dresses at the strapping Lady that plays upon the Hautboy.

Am. So—h!

Sage. But your Arts are of so transcendent, so unlimited an height, that they can no more be conceal'd in the Crowd from common Censure, than my Credulity cou'd 'scape common Derision, when I stood foremost in the Herd of Fools, that suffer'd themselves to be led away by your idle Delusions.

Am. If you were singled out from the Herd tho', 'tis a Sign, as the Gentlemen of Sport observe, that all the rest will shun you; and you know you can't be in worse Company than when you are alone.

Cla. Admirable!

Sage. Faith, Madam, I have no Fear of Solitude upon that Account, for I shall meet with Company enough who will join with me in my Opinion of your Behaviour.

Geo. Better!

Am. I see the Wretch is uneasy, and I could give him his full Answer at once, but he is too hardned a Sinner, to deserve a *Coup de Grace*. [*Aside.*]—Mr. *Sagely*, I think we parted lately upon such Terms—as—perhaps might not be intirely agreeable to one of us.

Sage. Pray, Madam, explain.

Am. Only that I thought ten thousand Reasons, which my fond Imagination once form'd you Master of, wou'd have hindred you from pursuing a Victory over—

Sage. [*Aside.*] By Heav'n she meets my Wishes with generous Offers of Submission.

Am. But you, it seems, still think—

Sage. Only this, that she whose beauteous Form could even throw a Lustre over what the height of my intemperate Passion thought Deceit, must bless me with an unhop'd Satiety of Joy, when Truth and Vertue are her only Guides.

Am. Could my fond Heart believe?

Sage. Can your Unkindness force you still to doubt it?

Bellamine enters.

Bell. A hey! where's my Love?

Am.

Am. Ha! ha! ha! so here's the most opportune Rescue I could have hoped for. [*Aside.*]

Sage. This shatter-headed Fellow never meets with any Pleasure, I think, but when he crosses mine.

Am. [*To Bellamine.*] She is melancholy in her Closet, upon something Sir *Oliver* has been saying to her.

Bell. But how are you sure, when she sees me, that it won't cure her of her Melancholy?

Am. Well, you Devil, shall I show you the Way to her?

[*Looking kindly on him.*] Bellamine and Amoret seem to talk a-part.

Sage. Very well; now has she no other Reason for leaving me, but that she knows I long for more of her Conversation; nor for going with him, but that he would gladly spare her the Ceremony.

Am. Clary! let my Cousin know that Mr. Bellamine waits here—[*aloud to him.*]—Come, Sir, you and I may relieve each other, I believe, from very wise Conversation.

Bell. Oh! Madam, not a step further with me, as I hope to be sav'd.

Am. What ails the Man?

Bell. Indeed you treat me with too much Ceremony.

Am. I tell you that I am going there.

Bell. Nay, this is too much among Friends.

Am. Is the Devil in you?

Bell. Oh! *Madame vous vous moquez de moy.*

[*Exit, and shuts the Door.*]

Am. Now will I follow the saucy Püppey, that I may fly where I am courted, and pursue where I am avoided.

Sage. You are not going, Madam?

Am. Can your Unkindness force you still to doubt it?

[*Exit.*]

Sage. Gone! may the common Curse of Jilts light on you, that not one of your Follies may end, till it gives Birth to a worse. Since

*'Tis thus that Vanity Coquette rewards;
A Youth of Frolick, an Old Age of Cards;*

Exit

*Fair to no purpose, Artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, Old without a Friend.
A Fool their Aim, their Prize some worn-out Sor;
Alive ridiculous, when dead, forgot.*

[Exit.

George remains.

Geo. I shall see you turn Suppliant again, Sir; for a Storm in Love, is like a Storm at Sea; when once a Man comes to cursing, he is very near going to Prayers. A topping way to gain a Lady's Heart this truly: I fancy I could shine in myself.

Enter Clary.

Cl. Is he gone?

Geo. Yes, where never Woman shall behold him more.

Cl. So Saucebox, have you learnt your new Master's Airs already?

Geo. Egad and I fancy you and I cou'd act the Scene to a miracle. Nay pray observe me——Thou Excellence of Harmony, which no Phrase can paint; thou Mirror of Inconstancy, which no Satire can describe, why, why have you chosen me from the rest of Mankind to be eminent for my Loyalty, but oftner for my Rebellion against you?

Cl. *Yawning*]. Well that was prettily thought: Pray what was't you said?

Geo. Oh Madam, let me beg your strictest Attention when I tell you, that when the Annals of my Love, and your Indifference, shall be transmitted to late Posterity——why then, Madam, I say late Posterity will believe——

Cl. Why then let Posterity believe that too.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear, and Exit.*

Geo. She's gone, and leaves me on the Rack, but I

Must comb my Master's Perriwig e'er I die. [Ex.

Melissa, Bellamine following.

Bell. Nay, fly to Altars there I'll talk you dead,

Mel. For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Bell. Now is she more out of humour than if I had put her Father's old Country-House Organ out of tune, by playing upon it the Air of a Drunken Song.

Mel. The Letter I sent you, the Reasons I gave you,
E the

the absolute opposition of your Behaviour to my inclinations, might have prevented your Approaches here in any sort; but this particular Presumption, this rude manner of breaking in upon me—

Bell. That may be, but now I have you here alone, I must tell you that your Opinion of me is settled in your Imagination, and not in your Understanding.

Mel. My Imagination!

Bell. Ay, ay, the Coldness with which you receive me, proceeds only from thence.

Mel. Sir, I must tell you, that your Freedom obliges me to declare—

Bell. No, no, 'tis I must declare, that this very Coldness with which you receive me, serves only to whet my Courage in attacking a difficulty, and to encrease my Patience in receiving what I should otherwise call a Mortification.

Mel. *walking about disorder'd.*] A Creature so much a Libertine in his Conduct, that no Laws of Decency can restrain him.

Bell. Really I know very few Libertines in their Conduct, whom any Laws of Decency can restrain.

Mel. One too, that will neither forbear his Visits, attempt a Reformation in his Morals, or wait for a Revolution in my Opinion.

Bell. Not one of all these Articles to be granted, till the sitting of Convocation, or rising of the *South Sea*.

Mel. Impertinence!

Bell. Affectation!

Mel. Is it come to this? See me no more! there may be Danger in your continuing to be Licentious here. [*Ex.*

Bell. Turn, Oh turn thee, &c. [*Sings.*

Nay, if there be Danger and Difficulty both, the Enterprize is too charming, not to tempt me on the Attack—Indeed 'tis true.

*Yielding Coquettes in Pleasure may transcend,
But vanquish'd Prudes give Glory, when they bend.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III.

SCENE *a Room in Lord Lateairs's House*

Enter Lord Lateairs, Sir O. Bruin, Sagely, Bellamine.

Sage. **A**ND now *Sir Oliver*, after having taken your Review of the Company at *White's*, you'll admit that our Age can boast of some Originals as well as the last.

Sir Ol. Ay, ay, Originals enough, a Pox confound them ! but as in Painting there are two Originals, one in large, and t'other in miniature. Why now I take this to be the difference between the last Fops, and these. My Lord here [*striking Lord Late. on the Shoulder*] is of Age to remember, when the Drapery of a fine Gentleman consisted in a huge Perriwig, a preposterous Muff, a flanting Steinkirk, and such a number of other monstrous Trinkums, that it would have made a just Proportion for a full Length at *Kneller's*.

Lord Lat. This Fellow will never bring himself to the Level of Conversation till he bates eight Degrees of his Impetuosity. [*Aside.*] Ay dear *Sir Oliver*, then the Beaux Monde was a Beaux Monde indeed.

Sir Ol. Then my Lord, the Court look'd as it should do, like the Court of Chancery ; and adod ! People flock'd there in such Crowds, that it was almost as hard to get out of.

Enter Henry, and whispers Lord Lateairs.

Lord Late. Gentlemen, I must beg your Pardon for two Minutes. [*Exit.*]

Bell. But if the present young Gentlemen were to shade their Persons under such a large quantity of Hair, they

would be no more seen than the Army in *Mackbeth*, that marches under the Cover of Boughs.

Sir Ol. Adod and I take this to be the Reason why they have banish'd this Superfluity from their Drefs; or elle perhaps because the Fashion came over here in the time of *Missippi*, they learnt it from thence, when every Hundred Pound was worth Twelve, to make every Perriwig so too; for I'll maintain it, that an Ornament for the Father's Head, may now be cut into at least a dozen for the Sons. So Gentlemen, if the modern Fops have quitted these Incumbrances of Drefs, and learnt to fashion their Wiggs as Men did formerly to build Houses from a Bird's Nest, I take them to be such a Resemblance of the last Men of Mode, as you will find of a large Picture at *Zinks's*.

Sage. You describe them then as Pocket Beaux, and fit for nothing but to hang by a Lady's Side.

Sir Ol. Adod and I can grant them no more.

Sage. I should think your Comparifon would hold, if in Miniatures they did not take the greatest care about the Head.

Sir Ol. Ay Sir, but that's only the outside tho'; but Pize on it, what is't that some of them mean by putting their Wiggs into such huge Bags, their Bodies into Coats like Portmantles, and then fancying themselves drest properly for an Assembly, when they are only equipt for an Academy; 'Sdeath, they may as well follow the Example of the Champion upon all our Coronations, and so come into a Chamber on horseback.

Bell. And I believe if one were to take the Lady's Opinion they have as little to do in the Drawing-Room, as t'other has in *Westminster-Hall*.

Lord Lateairs introducing his Son, Lord Toupet.

L. Late. Sir Oliver, Gentlemen, give me leave to present my only Boy to you.

Sir Ol. Od's precious Heart, and I am glad to see you Sir, that I am.

L. Toup. O Monsieur, *vous me faites trop d'Honneur*——
Rat your Joy tho', I am sure he has embrac'd me clofer than a Girdle does a fat Cordelier that would seem to have done Penance in Lent.

Bell.

Bell. Sir, you are welcome into *England*.

L. Toup. Oh Heavens, Sir, the worst Kingdom in the Universe to be welcom'd into, split me.

Sage. Sir, I beg leave to congratulate you upon your Arrival.

L. Toup. O dear Sir. Lard! I shall never recover the Violence of this Fatigue, it has flung me already into a downright *English* Sweat.

[*Sir Oliver and Toupet seem to talk apart.*

Enter Henry.

Hen. My Lord, the Man that engraves your Lordship's Coat of Arms is below.

L. Late. Is he? why then tell him if he will do me the Honour of an Hour's Attendance, why perhaps in an Hour after that, I may have leisure to send him away again, for I think it positively necessary that I shou'd talk with my Son first.

Hen. He has brought his Bill, my Lord.

L. Late. A Person of Quality never pays ready Money but at a Turnpike. [Exit *Hen.*

Sir Ol. Aloud.] Nothing but what is foreign?

L. Toup. Is it possible then to conceive, that after one's Travels, not that I pretend to be at all improv'd by them; that any *English* Things shou'd make a part in my Dress, from the Brilliant in my Shoe to the Patch that embraces my upper Lip?

Sir Ol. Well, but pray Sir now if one had a mind to send over the measure of one's Lip to be fitted with a Patch, or for a Suit of Birthday Cloaths, what must one do in case of contrary Winds?

L. Toup. Nay, let the Beaux look to that, for they have been always call'd Weather-cocks; He, he, he!

L. Late. If the Boy lives, he will have exactly my share of natural parts. [Aside,

L. Toup. to Sir Ol.] Pray, Sir, who is it makes up your Cloaths? for there seems to be something very nouvelle in the Cut.

Sir Ol. Mine? a Taylor, Sir.

Toup. Why, I have really known some few People of your

your Taste in *France*; now I never could touch any thing, that pass'd thro' the Hands of a Tradesman.

Sir Ol. Ha! ha! Pleasant enough that; why, my Lord, can any Body but a Tradesman——

L. Toup. Oh, yes Sir, when I was in *Paris* there were, 'tis true, celebrated Masters in their Professions, there was Rogan Tailleur, Alemand Cordonnier, Guerin Perruquier, Latiny Brodeur; but rat your rascally Mechanics! for you must know that ever since the *Mississippi* there has been a Set of Gentlemen, all Gentlemen upon my Honour, who have found out different ways of killing their time. One cuts out a Bourse for his Amusement, another chuses to badiner with a Sword-knot, a third diverts himself by working of Embroidery, and then are prevail'd on to part with their Goods, to their particular Friends—for ready Money. Now that is the reason why I have always avoided *aucune chose de Bourgeois*..

Sir Ol. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, what a fufs is here to prove a Fellow a Gentleman, because he makes fine Cases, to put Coxcombs in.

Sage. So what they make for their own Diversion, their Friends wear for the Diversion of other People.

Bell. And yet your Bourse seems to be as well fashion'd, as those that are made by the Dresser for the King's Pages.

L. Toup. Sir, I affirm the Knot to be a Rank higher, than any in the *Quinze Vingt*.

L. Lat. *Aside to Sir Ol.*] 'Tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me that he has follow'd a right method in his Travels, strike me stupid if it is not; but don't you fancy he has observ'd my Instructions?

Sir Ol. Faith, my Lord, I was just thinking the same Thing.

L. Late. Well, *thanks to the Gods, my Boy has done his Duty*.

Sir Ol. But my Lord I long to acquaint my Girl with the News of the young Spark's Arrival, in Troth I do—— [*to Toup.*] Come Sir, if you will accept of me for your Safe-guard in conducting you—— you shall——

L. Toup. O Lard Sir, everlastingly your Creature of Creatures, duce take me—— I beg to follow tho' after a little

the change of my Dress—not but I am an horrid Sloven in my self—yet this is, by several degrees the most confounded Climate for Perriwigs I ever came into.

[Exit Toup.

L. Late. A Miracle, by *Jupiter*!—Knight, I'm upon the Wing to wait upon thee there myself: Can my Coach set any body down?

Bell. My Lord I wait the Pleasure of improving a little more by my Lord *Toupet*'s Conversation first.

L. Late. Your most obedient Servant.

[Exeunt *L. Late.* and *Sir Oliver.*

Bellamine, Sincerely.

Bell. I made this Excuse because I have something in my Thoughts to communicate to you—but tell me first what you can think of this young Fellow's Interview with *Melissa*?

Sage. That she'll have a Fop at her Elbow to tempt, a Father at her Back to command, Spleen enough in her Head against you to encourage one, and Artifice enough to please t'other; so that as a Woman she won't want Inclination—and as a Prude she won't be without a Pretence.

Bell. One thing more—Do you stand in such a degree of Favour with *Amoret*, that you cou'd introduce me into the House, if I would renew another Rakish Attack upon the Gravity of her Cousin?

Sage. Hum! Favour? Why I'll tell you—the last time I saw her—she, from her Good-Nature, laugh'd me out of all Temper: and I, from my Discretion—abus'd her out of all Decency.

Bell. Just such a Bagatelle on both sides happen'd between *Melissa* and me—You must know that I broke into her Closet, where I found her Ladyship engag'd in wise Remarks upon the Bishop's History—you may guess at the Reception; but instead of answering to that, I tried to divert her Spleen a little with Musick, which I did by putting her Spinnet out of Tune—when that had flung her into the Heat I expected, why under pretence of throwing up the Sash to give her Air, I let her two favourite Perfoquets escape out of the Window.

Sage. I wou'd persuade you a Moment to be serious.

Bell.

Bell. Nay, that is what I am persuading my self to.

Sage. Then your Conversation should be sudden, or you won't easily else relieve the Siege of a Town, where not only the Enemy is at the Gates, but the Governor too is not your Friend.

Bell. Faith, in all the variety of my Dispositions, I never found myself more inclin'd that way—Hark'ye *Sagely*, suppose you and I should sit to each other for our Pictures?

Sage. What is it you mean?

Bell. Ha, ha, ha! what a grave Face he puts on—but it gives him a stronger Likeness if one would copy——Mean! why, that I intend to win *Melissa* by some of those *Airs*——

Sage. By which I have lost *Amoret*?

Bell. You improve—— yes, in humble Hypocrisy I'll kneel to—— flatter her prevailing Humour, till she bids me rise to Hope—— then, with a mixture of Impudence and Bashfulness, awkwardly ravishing her Hand, I'll sigh in holy Rapture, that

*Not the first Pair were happier in their Bow'r,
Tho' Songs of Angels broke their golden Slumbers,
And wak'd them to the Empire of the World.*

Sage. Why, you affected Rogue, this has an Appearance.

Bell. A Reality, Man; now tho' it may be harder for you at present to counterfeit Gaiety, than Spleen, yet you must play your Part too—in short my Affair depends upon the Conduct of this Evening—and your being well with *Amoret* is absolutely necessary to the Success.

Sage. How so?

Bell. That I will explain to you soon, but methinks the Hopes of your own Success might invite you there without that.

Sage. I have bid adieu to Hope.

Bell. Come, come, I know she would be fond of you as a Convert—you may that way pay Tribute to both her darling Passions——her Levity will approve of yours——and her Pride of your Repentance. We have not time to weigh this more. You told me of a complaining Letter you wrote, which has not been yet deliver'd—I have one in a Style different I fancy from yours. Now if we chang'd

Billet-

Billet-Doux,— This Alteration in Writing would serve to puzzle their Ladyships, and prepare them a little for our Visits; where I hope to find, that tho'

One Mode may fail a Woman's Heart to gain,
Yet RIVAL MODES can ne're attempt in vain.

SCENE IV.

A Dressing-Table, Looking-Glass, &c. Lord Toupet's Cloaths placed, &c. George combing a Perriwig, and singing an English Ballad.

Enter Toupet in a Disabille, attended by Brisac.

L. Toup. **T**HIS Puppy will always be humming of Tunes, tho' his Voice is God's Judgment upon Echoes.— Hay, Brisac!— If I must be drest to Musick, give me the last Favourite of the Ruelles.

Bris. Boire à la Capuchin, &c.

L. Toup. Hugh! I bid you sing me what the Ladies knot Fringe to in the Cour, and you give me what the Cooks lard Fowl to in the Pantry.

[Brisac sings; during which Lord Toupet dresses.]

L. Toup. Bravo! Bravo!—*Se fit Cocu, &c.*

[Tries to sing himself.]

I find the Inclemency of the Weather has committed a small Outrage upon the Delicatsse of my Voice. *Maquereau*, my Coat.

Geo. Which, my Lord?

L. Toup. Any,—but let the Sleeves be yellow and high.

Geo. Wou'd your Honour have that which your Taylor was so fond of, that he made himself a Waistcoat of the same Stuff?

L. Toup. No, Sir.

Geo. That which I lent to a Student at the *Jesuits College*, to play the Part of *Comte d'Essex*?

F

L. Toup.

L. Toup. The fame which you pawn'd, Sir, under that Pretence: Pray, Sir, stand a little further off, for I will not have my Looking-Glass fully'd by the Reflection of your Person, before I view my own in it;—I'd as soon drink after you in a Tavern-Glass.—*Mon Chapeau.*

[George looking about.

Geo. [to *Brisac.*] *Le Chapeau.*

Bris. My Lord, *C'est dans votre Poche.*

L. Toup. [singing.] *Quin' a que son Visage!* [Exeunt.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *Amoret's House.*

Enter MELISSA and CLARY.

Mel. **T**HE affected Airs of this old Lord are so remarkable, that the Foppery of the Son might escape Observation in the Fathers Company; and yet, tho' they stand so near, I don't find, that the Shadow of one kills the Growth of the other.—Did you hear his Conversation, *Clary?*

Clar. Yes, Madam, I had a long Dialogue with him in the Anti-Chamber. He ask'd me, if I had made my Studies under any Coquette in *Paris*, promised to talk my Manteau-Maker into Reputation; in short, he thought there was Musick in his Tongue, and would have set it in Tune by talking to me before your Ladyship came in.

Mel. Perhaps his Tongue runs so fast, because it carries so little Weight.—But you seem to have an ill Opinion of him very early.

Clar. The natural Antipathy I bear to these Animals, *in Bags*, makes me speak freely; and for my Part, I never

ver see one of them make his Addresses, but I certainly burst into as loud a Laugh, as both the Galleries at the fat Woman in *Doctor Faustus*.

Mel. But as he comes here upon my Father's Recommendation?—

Clar. Oh! Madam, for that Matter, Sir *Oliver's* Recommendation.—

Mel. Come, I know what you would say; he has offended in Point of Liberality to you.

Clar. Liberality!—now, on my Conscience, I believe, that to pronounce that Word *Give*, would choak him in the Utterance; nay, t'other Day meeting with a Friend of his, who had lately received some good Fortune, he could not bring himself to say, *Sir, I give*, but only, *Sir, I lend you much Joy*.

Mel. You're endeavouring to be witty upon my Father's Infirmary.—

Clar. Is not more odd, than his endeavouring to succeed in the Affair he would employ me in.

Mel. What Affair?

Clar. Oh! my Lady can inform you best; and 'tis a Secret which would be of Service to you to know.

Mel. I wish you wou'd wait with Patience till I ask it of you, and in the mean Time leave me alone.

[*Clary going out.*]

Hold, did my Cousin receive a Letter at the same Time that mine came?

Clar. Yes, Madam, she's now reading it in her Closet.

[*Exit Clary,*]

Mel. [*alone.*] Nay, then 'tis Time to reflect on mine.

[*Reads it.*]

The Alteration in *Bellamine's* Temper seems sudden, and is, perhaps too, real: But what have I to do with that? Yet shou'd I find him, as his Words express, no more a glowing Libertine that would invade, but a soft Suppliant at my Feet for Mercy, Nature, perhaps, might plead for him, against a Father's harsh Commands: Or Parent's Laws are rigid and severe, to check the Sentiments which Nature gives; or Nature is imperfect in her self, to give us Sentiments their Laws condemn.

Enter Lord Toupet.

L. *Toup.* Pray, Madam,— shall I?— Or, or, Madam,—pugh,—Plague on't,— I never was so out in my Life,— Pox of this *English* Language, it puzzles a fine Gentleman to pronounce it.

Mel. [*smiling.*] Have you broke up play within, my Lord?

L. *Toup.* I prevailed on them to make a Party at *Quadrille* without me.

Mel. Perhaps your Lordship is not fond of Play?

L. *Toup.* [*aside.*] So she's enquiring into my Conduct already: I never knew a Woman that was not as fond of me at first Sight, as afterwards. [*To her.*] Really, Madam, I love only to play for great Sums; for deep Play to a true Gamester, is like deep Water to a skilful Swimmer, where you are always sure of making better Haste, one Way or t'other; you are either sooner at the Shore, or if you sink by the Way,— why, you'll never rise again, that's all;— *Mais-vive la France pour le gros Jeu.*— five hundred *Louisdors* a Card.

Mel. So much, indeed!

L. *Toup.* Faith, I have set up many a Night at it, *Tête à Tête*, with a certain Lady, till between the Heat of the Candles— and— the Strength of the *Ratafia*,— her Paint— has trickled away by Degree, and left her Cheeks half Red and half dark Olive,— egad, like the Scene upon the Stage— of Night and Morning.

Mel. Was she handsome?

L. *Toup.* [*aside.*] Jealous, by this Light! She had a fine Face,— but there was— no Fancy in it.

Mel. Rich, my Lord?

L. *Toup.* Well push'd again. [*Aside.*] O Madam, her Relations lived at *Marseilles*; and you know, the next Plague there, may make her a great Heiress.— Oh! *A'propos.*— I suppose, Madam, you know that our Parents have on each side agreed that we two should this Evening begin an Association for Life: Now, Madam, in plain Terms, how do you approve of me for your Companion?

Mel.

Mel. Since your Lordship desires plain Speaking, and since, indeed, all Ceremony ought to be banished upon so serious an Occasion, know that I have one Objection,— I despise you.—

L. Toup. Why that is a little Kind of a small Objection, indeed: — I mean against Gallantry between a Lady and a Gentleman,—but I don't see why it should hinder us from being Man and Wife?—But pray, Madam, from whence has your Ladyship conceived this extraordinary Opinion of me?

Mel. Not only from what I have seen in your Behaviour, or from what I have heard of it, but from the Contempt I have for those Numbers of Fops, which one meets with in every publick Place, and who represent your Lordship as exactly, as if your Character was exposed upon the Stage. — Creatures that are mistaken even in their first Principles; for while they fancy to form themselves to the Manners of the *French* Court, they are acting in Contradiction to it, since they seldom *begin* to be fond of a Fashion here, till the *French* are tired of it abroad.

L. Toup. *Tout de ban?*

Mel. You put me in Mind now of another Thing, my Lord, which is the Affectation of mixing *French* Phrases perpetually with your *English*, and those too very often introduced,—

L. Toup. What! *mal à propos?*

Mel. Again, my Lord: Pray why does your Lordship fancy it to be Politeness in a Man of Travel, to make use of certain cant Expressions he has just learned, when the same Custom is thought intolerable Pedantry in a Man of Learning?

L. Toup. Faith, I think neither; but Honour, a Man that never makes use of an easy Word, when he can find an hard one.— But to convince you that I can speak in plainer Terms, you must know, Madam, that I have met with more Ladies abroad, who have exactly resembled you, than you can have found young Fellows at home, who would pretend to be faint Copies of me: I have seen, Madam, several of them, as nice in their Conduct, and as wise in their Reflections,

Reflections, when I have cheapened a Worsted Purse—— at the Grates of an old Nunnery,—— poor humble Creatures, wrapt up in warm Flannel, that——

Mel. You have used too much Freedom already, my Lord,—— you need not enlarge your Description.

L. Toup. *Le Voila.*—— That was exactly the Air I was beginning to describe.

Mel. My Lord.——

L. Toup. Madam, I think all Ceremonies should be banished on so serious an Occasion.

Mel. As a Proof of that, my Lord, I leave you to your own Thoughts.

L. Toup. Then I'll tell you what mine are,—— ha, ha, ha, to a Nunnery, go: *Parbleu je Brille Comme le soleil.*

[Exit *Melissa*.]

Enter Bellamine.

Bell. [*aside.*] Now wou'd my Hypocrisy carry me but safely thro' one Interview with *Melissa*, I believe, after that, I need not no Hypocrisy at all;—— yet, Pox on it, if I don't perfect this, as a real Reformation, we shall make a most extraordinary Figure, when we are coupled together, with as much Opposition—— as *Milton's* two Poems on Mirth and Melancholy.

L. Toup. Oh! dear *Bellamine*, I was just wishing your Assistance;—— Here's a Lady within, that has behaved to me with so much *non Chalance*——

Bell. Pray, who, my Lord?

L. Toup. Why, the Country Knight's Daughter, *Melissa*, I think, they call her.

Bell. Is it really she?—— Pray, my Lord, bring her to me, and I'll talk her into Subjection.

L. Toup. Ay, but not in my Favour, tho' dear *Bellamine*: For split me—— if her ill Usage does not give me a Design to be revenged on the whole Country, and to send over once a Year for a *French* Woman, drest in the newest Fashions, instead of a *French* Baby.

Bell. That wou'd make a genteel Subscription.

L. Toup.

L. *Toup.* Right; and I'll engage to find out twenty young Fellows of my Rank, at *White's* and *St. James's*, that will forward it.

Bell. Then you must send for more Women.

L. *Toup.* No, Faith,—one will be enough for us all.

Bell. I wish the same Vessel would carry back some of our *English* Women.

L. *Toup.* Egad, I know some of them would serve well enough to be Ballast to the Ship:— Well, I'll tell her you are here, tho' not one Word in my Favour, dear *Bel-lamine*.

[Exit, and drops a Paper going out.

Bell. What's here? Sure he has not left a Billet-doux to speak in Favour of him, at the same Time he forbid me:— But to the Contents. [Reads.] A List of such *French* Ladies Names as are proper to be retailed in Conversation with Familiarity.— The foolish Dutchess of *Betty*.— Ay, of my Conscience foolish enough,— if she suffers— any Familiarity from thee.— Mademoiselle *Lucinde*, the Coquet, near the Court of *Versailles*— upon the Common.— The fat Countess— at the *Dyer's Head*— in *Plaister-Street*,— near *Loose-Gown-Ally*.— Oons, if I read any more of this ridiculous Stuff, it will quite put me out of my Key:— But to set myself right again, —hem, hem.

“ When thou art from me ev'ry Place is desert,

“ And I methinks, am savage and forlorn.

Enter *Melissa*.

Ay that will do.

Mel. I can't in Justice, refuse seeing you, to accept the Submission you offer for your late Behaviour; but since I know you really intend it, I can for that Reason dispense with the Ceremony.

Bell. 'Tis true, Madam, that Ceremony is as often the Cunning of Submission, as Forgiveness is the Subtily of Revenge, both wise Delays for want of Power to hurt, and both Dissimulations at the best:— yet had you, Madam, the Faculties of those Beings you so much in Form resemble,

semble, and knew my Thoughts, by Intuition, you wou'd then find, Madam, you wou'd—you wou'd—Pox take me, if I know what you'd find—Curse on my treacherous Memory. [*Aside.*]

Mel. You seem disorder'd.

Bell. My faltering Accents are but Proofs more signal of my Passion; and yet I can't regret the Loss of Language, since here Eloquence, in all its proud Perfection, would be faint: I therefore claim no Merit but from my future Conduct, where if you find a most unequal Constancy, conclude that my Fidelity, which still preserv'd the purest Fires of Love, tho' not a Glimpse of Hope was given, must, when that shall bless me, oblige me to adore.—Pretty well reasoned, I thank Heaven. [*Aside.*] Think too, if thus transformed, I quit the vain Pursuit of wanton Pleasures I studied only to deserve your Praise,—Think on that;

Then smile, as Saints on dying Converts smile:
The holiest Vestal may in Smiles be seen;
Nor the chaste Goddess of the Lawns forbids it.—

Oons, I believe Tragedy lay in my Way, and I found it.

[*Aside.*]

Mel. Each Word, each Look, seems arm'd with Power to conquer. [*To him.*] You have at least a Title to my Approbation, Sir, while you continue sincere in your Conversion.—

Bell. [*aside.*] So, this Declaration may encourage me to plain Prose again. Since, I believe, Madam, you wou'd not have Mercy enough to forgive me, if I should commit a fresh Fault, you should lay aside the Severity of taxing me, before I offend; but could you suppose me that poor, that low Dissembler, yet still the Risque you now are running,—(I am not unacquainted, Madam, with the Addresses of this young Nobleman here,) I say that Risque is greater far, there would be no Pretence, no Dissimulation, but an eternal Round of open and avowed Foppery and Nonsense.

Mel. There I must confess a Fear.

Bell.

Bell. In me, ye behold one whose Faults may have given you some Distaste, and who from thence learnt to abhor them: In him, one whose utmost Qualifications could deserve nothing but Contempt from you; as on the other side, all your Perfections could only meet with Indifference from him.— But I hear *Sagely* coming this Way, if you'll give me leave to wait on you within, Madam, I would endeavour to persuade you, that with whatsoever Regard

*You may the Errors of my Conduct see,
I would from greater Danger set you free.*

[*Exeunt Bell, & Mel.*]

Enter Amoret and Sagely laughing.

Am. Where have you learnt this admirable Turn at Satire? [*Aside.*] At least I must tell him so, that he may not suspect my Discovery of his awkward Imitation of it. And so then you think that a Woman may now, with as much Reputation, be known by her Gallant's Name, as her Husband.

Sag. Faith, Madam, I believe they very often change their Names without the Help of an Act.

Am. But not without the Assistance of some of the Senators.

Sag. I suppose you mean those of the nightly Committees: But I know a Lady that piques herself upon her Constancy to her Husband and makes the poor Man pass at different Times under the Names of all the pretty Fellows about Town, to give her matrimonial Fondness the Air of an Intrigue.

Sag. Ha, ha, ha!

Am. I guess at the Character you mean: I have watched her Motions for some Time; for you must know, we generally sit together in the same Pew at Church, and the same Box at the Comedy.

Sag. And did you never observe her Eyes turned upon any particular Person, either at her Devotions, or at her Pleasures?

Am. Why, no, indeed, I can't say I have seen her Looks fixed upon any particular Person; but I have

seen her turn her Eyes aside, when a particular Person has entered, and that you know is the same Thing.

Sag. The same Thing?

Am. Ay, why don't thou think so?

Sag. [after a Pause.] O, yes, Madam, upon Recollection, I think, that looking on, or off, is exactly the same Thing.— And yet what signifies it which Way she looks with that tasteless Mixture in her Glances of Indifference and Fire?

Am. That use the Gazer as ill as a bad Opiate, which neither lulls one into a sound Sleep, nor suffers one to be entirely awake.—

Sag. Ha, ha, ha! admirably well hit off: Or, Madam, like a—— I say more like a—— Plague on't, I am a-ground for want of a Simile.

[*Aside.*

Am. I believe the Creature flatters himself that his Affectation has deceived me.

[*Aside.*

Sag. Now do I guess by that pretty malicious Smile of her's, that my damn'd Hesitation has discovered me. [*Aside.*] You seem thoughtful, Madam: Come, come, leave your Gravity to Prudes; who have survived their Charms, as I would mine to Politicians, who have outlived their Understandings.— A moral Man, as Don John says, is a Character for a Constable, and a wise Woman, in the French Language, signifies nothing but a Midwife.

Am. I ask pardon for being serious; but I really was indulging a particular Thought.

Sag. Pray what?

Am. Only, that the next Time you assume the Behaviour of an airy Gentleman, I shall expect an Italian Harlequin to set up for Restorer of antient Elocution.

Sag. Madam!

Am. [Mimicking him.] O dear Sir, leave your Gravity to Politicians, who have outlived their Understandings.

Sag. Confusion!

Am. And yet, now I think on't, you may want it your self, the next Visit you make to the Inner-Room at St. James's Coffee-House.

Sag.

Sag. Now have I not one Word or offer in my Defence.

[*Aside.*

Am. Or, suppose, before you begin another new Enterprize of the sort, you made your self acquainted with the last new Dancing-Step, imported by *Poitiers*, and not measure my Room with a long Stride, like an Eastern King in a Tragedy. [*Sagely going, she stopping him.*] Nay, hold, Sir, if this Stile be disagreeable to you, I'll take leave of you, in your own:—*Thy Genius whispers thee, be cautious, Sagely*; Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

Sagely alone.

Sag. Now, on my Conscience, I believe that Women take as much Pleasure to come to their Lovers in an ill Humour, as to their Husbands in an Undress; tho' the Complaisance of the Lover gives them a real Satisfaction; and the Husband's Money pays for their fine Cloaths.—Well, if ever I am caught in this kind of Masquerade again, I deserve to be drest in the Habit for Life; but this was the Overperswasion of *Bellamine*, and he shall account for it;—and yet, perhaps he might mean it well too:—But what the Devil had I to do, to follow the Advice of a young Fellow that is always frolick, volatile, and loud?

Enter Bellamine.

Bell. Vitoria, Vitoria! what *Sagely*? and left here alone? nay, then you must be Master of the Field: Come to my Arms, and tell me there how this Disguise of Temper so soon became thee? shew the new-practised Airs, that at once could please her, and teach the lovely Wanderer where to fix.—

Sag. So now for a further Recreation.

[*Aside.*

Bell. What, you are tender of your Captive's Reputation? Prithee, *Sagely*, tell me which of the last Assemblies you rallied? which of the two Rival Queens in the Opera you commended? In short, what Artifice, what modish Chit-Chat, you used to gain upon her Credulity, that your Manner of thinking was like one of us rakish Fellows of

the Town? — Nay, why so reserved in acquainting me with the Means of your Success? for I claim no Merit that the Thought of attempting it was mine.

Sag. Death and Hell! He don't mean to insult me?

[*Aside.*

Bell. Or, perhaps, your Conversation, turn'd on the Wit of the Town, and the Merits of the last Song, translated from the *French*. Psho! Faith, I forget the Air; but you are in Spirits enough to help me to that: Or, perhaps, upon the famous Copy of Verses sent to my Lady *What-d'ye-call'em*, at six in the Evening, and answered at eight; which soon made as great an Appearance in all publick Places, as they had done once before in an old Miscellany: Or, perhaps, upon—

Sage. [*aside.*] Oons, if I was a Woman, I believe my good-natur'd Planets would contrive it that I should be in Love with this Man, only because we are so unlike one another.

Bell. Yet now the Struggle is over: You'll excuse me, dear *Sage*, if I can't help laughing at the Posture you seem to stand in before me, when you were saying something as solid in the Praise of a Knot of Ribands, as would have served for a Defence in an Impeachment.

Sag. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Bell. Or making a Hole with your Foot in the Furbeloe, at the same Time you was commending a Cambrick-Head, which you took for a *Point d'Espagne*, and, perhaps, behaved as if you had never read that profound Treatise written by a Refugee Count, call'd *the Elements of a Toilet*, or, *the Harmonic System of a Head-dress*.

Sag. [*coming up to him*] — When this unaccountable Frenzy of yours, Sir, is over, I expect that you will hear what I am proposing to you.

Bell. Ay, ay; I know what you'd propose—You wou'd learn how to keep her entirely yours, now you have gained her;—I know you fancy that the Ladies take a Husband by Chance, and a Lover by Choice; but when you have strong Proof that she receives you for both, you can't then sure want any further Conviction—And yet I wou'd have you act with Caution too; for Women are as often deceit-

ful

ful to their Admirers, as they are to their Creditors, when they contract Debts with the Pleasure of Enjoyment, and pay them with the Pain of Child-birth.—But if you will go with me, we will enter into that Conversation at the next Chocolate-House.

Sag. Lookee, *Bellamine*, since your own Success has put it out of your Power to be commonly attentive, I will, at least wait till you're cooler; if therefore, I go with you, I shall then expect to know why you first advised me into the Method I have taken.

Bell. With all my Heart; and yet, s'death, can a Man of your Understanding be ashamed to counterfeit a little Alteration in thinking, while two Nations are really guilty of a greater.

Sag. How so?

Bell. How so? why are they not translating our best Tragedies into their own Language, that they may be represented at *Rome*, while we are entertained with their Operas here?

Sag. When will you leave off Trifling?

Bell. Why, when you begin it.

Sag. Oons! in following this Woman, I have done nothing else.

Bell. And in not following her you may do worse.

Sag. How worse than trifling?

Bell. Ay, ay; I'll prove that to you immediately; and so come along, my dear Brother in *Bagatelle*. [Exeunt.]

[Scene opens and discovers Amoret writing; Clary waiting.]

Am. Let that Letter be sent to Lord *Lateairs*; and let the Fellow enquire how Lady *Sipwell* rested last Night?

Cla. Lord, *Madam*, you know she died this Morning.

Am. Ay, but I am not supposed to know that.—Is Mr. *Sagely* gone? [Clary.]

Clary. Yes *Madam*, he hurried down the Back-Stairs with Mr. *Bellamine*.

Am. Let my Cousin know I would speak with her.

[Exit Clary.]

Sure this Man's perpetual Uneasiness at my Conduct, must arise from a real Passion to see me behave well, and yet too,
it

it very often happens, that Men affect Jealousy to conceal Indifference :—Well, 'tis a Strange Age, when the Woman hides from her Gallant the Inclinations she has for him, with the same Cunning, that he affects a Tendre for her, which he has not.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Wou'd you speak with me, my Dear ?

Am. Ay, my Dear ; and what you'll hardly believe, seriously. Pray tell me, what a severe Tryal you underwent, when your Father commanded you to encourage the Addressees of this young Fop. Come, I'll spare your Answer— I know your Disposition so well, that it would give you infinite Pain to disobey him, tho' you already possess a considerable Fortune, which he can't deprive you of.

Mel. Nay, then I shall be to blame in not frankly owning to you, that the Impertinence of Lord *Toupet* has disgusted me, and the Humility of *Bellamine* has been agreeable.

Am. I am glad to hear of this ; and if it depends only on my breaking off this Match, leave the Conduct to me — I have just now answered a *Billet-doux* to *Lateairs* ; &c. and if *Clary* says right, Sir *Oliver* will very soon expect that I should give my self the same Trouble to him.

Mel. This I must confess to have heard before, — but since you are so kind, let me importune you in my Turn, why you look with so much Neglect on *Sagely*, who is so sincerely your Admirer ? — Or does your Seriousness proceed from a Recollection, that you have sent him away too much displeased ? His Sense and Worth are of the most exalted Taste ; his Person not unfashion'd ; his Birth so great, that the Title, which will soon be his, upon the Death of an infirm Uncle, may give him Pretensions to any Offer at either Part of the Town.

Am. Nay, I think notwithstanding his Ridiculousness, I could be brought to endure his Friendship. —

Mel. Then, my Dear, the Symptoms of a rising Passion are upon you ; and I should be glad to send for him

him immediately. Indeed, I have heard, that when our eager Flames of Love abate, 'tis not with Ease we can, again

*To our first Friendships cooler Joys remove,
But Time may ripen Friendship into Love.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Amoret's Lodgings.

Lord LATEAIRS and CLARY.

Lord Lat. **Y**OU say your Lady's within?

Cl. Yes, my Lord—Shall I acquaint her that your Lordship is here, or shew you the Way to the Bassiet-Table, where they all are?

L. Lat. Will you do me the Favour to tell Lord *Toupet* first, in the lowest Whisper your Voice will admit of, that I would speak with him in the Anti-Chamber. [*Exit Clary.*]

Lord Lateairs alone.

L. Lat. When this Boy's a little more improved with my Instructions, he may be in as fair a Way of receiving a kind Answer from a fine Lady, as I have just now from *Amoret.*

Enter Lord Toupet.

L. *Taup.* Has your Lordship any Commands for me?

L. Lat. Ay, *Toupet*, I thought it necessary for you first to pay your Devoirs to *Melissa*, and now extremely proper that you should hear my Thoughts on that Marriage—A Sum of Money to st in upon a good Settlement, would help to retrieve a little that Extremity of Cash, your Expences abroad reduced me to—Not but I would part with double the Sum to see thee a fine Gentleman:—But, dear Boy, tell me how thou could'st send over as many Banker's Bills,

as wou'd have served to have litt up a Tea-Lamp for a whole Twelvemonth.

L. *Toup.* Why really, my Lord, every Thing bore such an immoderate Price in *Paris*, that at last there was nothing cheap—but killing a Bayliff; and that too most unfortunately rose while I stayed there; for,———a *French* Officer——of my Acquaintance——paid three *Loudiores* only for whipping one of those Rascals thro' the Lungs, when formerly you might have killed six of them for a *Loudiore* a Head, and a Court of Justice would have flung you in a seventh Gratis, as Author's do Books in a Subscription.

L. *Lat.* Why really, that might have been a Misfortune, if any of your Correspondents here had drawn a Murder upon you.

L. *Toup.* Your Lordship hits the Thing exactly, for the very Officer, I named, dealt in Correspondents that Way, till at last, his Wardrobe was reduced to two Suits of Cloaths only, a black one, proper to be worn on the Occasion of a Murder, and a lac'd one to put on when he had no Money.

L. *Lat.* The Pertness of this young Man is so extraordinary, that it must either give promise of a very great Genius, or a very odd one; but to say the Truth, I was a little forward at his Age. (*Aside.*) I have not time now to examine into the Reason of your Extravagances, and, indeed, I only expect the Reparation from you, which this Settlement will bring in,——the Contract is already made between her Father and myself; and now, Child, I would fain teach you that fine Manner to address her with, which People of Fashion once used, when their Attacks upon Women were irresistible

L. *Toup.* My Lord, I am not unacquainted with the Manner that the People of Fashion in the politest Court of the whole World, makes use of at present.

L. *Lat.* Your Inexperience prevents your knowing how faint that Manner would seem, were it practised before those People's Ancestors in that very Court.—

L. *Toup.* Perhaps your Lordship's judging so, arises from the Strength of a first Impression.

L. *Lat.* Now do I labour under strong Apprehensions that my Son is a young Fop,

[*Aside.*
L. *Toup.*

L. *Toup.* I begin to be convinced that my Father is an old Coxcomb.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Amoret.

Am. My Lord, your obedient Servant:—— You have lost a considerable Diversion; —— we have been teaching Sir *Oliver* to *taille* at *Bassett*: I left him fretting within, and tearing off three Cards at one pull: I believe he'd be fond of so good a Croupe as Lord *Toupet*.

L. *Lat.* Ha! ha! ha! What does this Elephant really aim at a Rigadoon?

—— *Toupet*, Go, and assist at the Table.

L. *Toup.* So, now to try if their *English* Courage will stand a Card of five Hundred.
[*Aside & Exit.*]

Am. [after a Pause.] Your Lordship does not intend to stay here.

L. *Lat.* Only to tell you, Madam, that the Stile of your late Epistle overcame me with as much Surprize, as the first of Madam *de Maintenon* did the Grand Monarque.

Am. Oh! Your Servant, my Lord! —— But that is a Comparison not to be pursued, because, if I am not mistaken, an inseparable Fondness arose from thence on each Side; —— and I am afraid we can hardly answer for one here.

L. *Lat.* Why then, may an eternal Surfeit of all Gallantry seize me, if you don't find it on mine —— and that is a Declaration I never made yet; —— but I see that a thorough insensible Man remains so only till he has seen such a perfect agreeable Woman.

Am. This is Complaisance to the Height, my Lord; —— but hadn't you better, before all these fine Speeches, wait to hear my Declaration?

L. *Lat.* Why, really, I have often known a Lady's Consent something necessary on these Occasions.

Am. Frankly confess'd! —— and now, pray, my Lord, answer me once again as freely.

H

L.

L. Lat. Ay.

Am. Did you not, upon your opening my Letter, flatter your self into a Rapture, that what I meant for common Civility was the Effect of an immoderate Passion?

L. Lat. Common Civility?—Now does she want me to tell her that she's dying for me. [*Aside.*]—Why really, —Madam, when you took Pen and Ink, I don't believe you as warm as a Vestal's Fire, nor as cold as a Vestal herself; but that you did it as much *de bon coeur*, as you would have read a new Lampoon, is eternally my Belief, Let me perish——

Am. And you have the Confidence to think, that my making you master of a Secret so useful to you, did not arise alone from a Principal of Honour and Disinterest?

L. Lat. I find myself, all on a sudden, unfortunately inclined to be strangely confident.

Am. Why then, my Lord, to convince you how weak, how inconsiderate is your Vanity, — I believe I may give you hopes——that you are in the right.

L. Lat. By all the Gods! I could grow poetical up to the Height of Hyperbole! Ah! Madam! — Madam! Raptures! — Pulvills! — Embroidery! — and *Elizium*.

Am. Come, my Lord, none of your Heroicks, tho' I perceive your Turn at 'em is admirable! — But I will positively be adored with Silence: — Nay, you shall hear me praised, and yet be silent; — tho' I own, I can't bear to hear you praised, or traduced without the Inclination of reporting it: And since 'tis too late to dissemble with you now, I must confess that I have lately heard several things to your Disadvantage.

L. Lat. Censure, Madam, is a Tax, we are obliged to pay to the whole Canaille, that should be our Admirers.

Am. But you being of the first Fashion, ought to be exempted from the highest Taxes, and yet, for ought I know, you may pay as much as a Person of a middle Rank, if you suffer Sir *Oliver* to be your Assessor.

L. Lat. What! *Bruin*? — I always thought there hung something unaccountably odd about that Fellow.

Am. Something unaccountably familiar, I am sure. — But perhaps my Intimacy with *Melissa* gives him Reason to think,

think, that he may behave with such Freedom?

L. Lat. Ay, or any other Reason:— Why the Fellow is quite a Being of his own;— he has every thing of a Booby, but the Bashfulness; and to convince you that he has not that, I have seen him desire a Person, with whom he has not been acquainted, to introduce him into Company where neither of them were known.

Am. I can believe anything of his Rudeness, after the Liberty he took with your Character, at the same time that such an Alliance was proposed between the Families.

L. Lat. And, pray, Madam, what might he attempt to say? I have indeed often heard him try to be witty in Defamation, tho' I could never make the remotest Conjecture at what he aimed at in his Conversation.—— 'Tis like a Fellow that pulls the String of a dumb Bell, he may draw every Nerve into Distortion, and not a Creature guess that he intends to entertain you with Musick.

Am. Nay, I am sure Sir *Oliver* is loud enough to be heard.——

L. Lat. I confine the Comparison, Madam, to the Impotence of his Wit, and not the Weakness of his Voice.— But pray, Madam, do you bear any of his Honour's Wit in Recollection?

Am. Why, since your Curiosity prompts you to inquire, I think, indeed, that he said, in the first Place, that your Foppery increased with your Years, and you now appear as much a greater Coxcomb in the latter part of your Life, as the Sun looks larger in his Decline.— He did indeed say this to me, tho' nothing could induce me to believe him; nay, indeed, I told him so too.

L. Lat. A Coxcomb in the latter part of my Life?

Am. Then he said you were so doatingly fond of your Title, that your *Coronet* was cut in every *Melon* of your Kitchen Garden; nay, more, that your Affectation has been always so remarkable, that your Character has been already exposed, in three different Comedies on the Stage.

L. Lat. Upon the Stage?

Am. Nay, fie, my Lord! You must not be so warm upon it, for if you knew every Motive that tempted him, you would be brought to forgive his Satire.

L. Lat. Forgive him?—then laugh me to Death! If I would not as soon forgive the Author of those Comedies.—A Coxcomb!—in the latter part of my Life.——

Am. Why, suppose, my Lord, you should consider him so strongly in the Light of your *Rival* here, that, to encourage his own Attempt, he would break off Lord *Tupe's* Match with *Melissa*:

L. Lat. I am mistaken, if a quick Confession of this does not proceed from a long Inclination to please me.—Now, if the Question depends, whether my Son shall marry a Girl of thirty thousand Pounds, or I take to myself this Lady with sixty, I think it will be very easy to determine. [*Aside.*

Am. Nay, indeed, my Lord, I told him, that rather than he should continue his impertinent Addresses to me, you would chuse to decline all Offers of any Alliance.

L. Lat. Rat his Alliance! Rather than call that Monster Brother-in-Law, I would chuse to be the only Coachman to six Maids of Honour.——A Coxcomb in the latter part of my Life!

Am. Say you so? Well get you in then, and join the Company unsuspected, and I'll follow immediately.

L. Lat. A Coxcomb in the latter part of my Life!

[*Exit L. Lateairs.*

Amoret alone.

Ay, thou inimitable Piece of Affectation; — But you don't know, perhaps, that your going in is a Signal to your agreeable Rival Sir *Oliver* to come here with the Repetition of his nauseous Addresses: I have indeed prepared him a little before, and have almost brought him up to my Design; — and yet, I believe, were *Melissa* acquainted with my manner of defending her against her Danger, her Prudery would scruple it as a Delusion.—— But how can it bear that Name, when I only make a ridiculous Scene between two odd Wretches, who are both fired with the Hope of my Fortune, with very little Pretensions to merit it? And who would for that Reason, abandon the Interest of their Children? I am sure, notwithstanding all the Faults of poor *Sagely*, there is not the least Colour to doubt his Generosity

in

in that Point, since his Offers are, at present, at least equal to what I could expect, and will, upon the Death of an infirm Relation, be greater; perhaps too, I ought not to blame him so much for a Temper, my Usage has often teized him into.— But hush! here comes the rival Knight, already wrought up to a right angry Pitch, with a Swing of his Stick, and a Frown upon his Brow, as if he would attempt to say soft things with the same Air, that *Harry* the Eighth at the Play-house blusters with into the Council!

Amoret and Sir Oliver.

Am. Bless me! *Sir Oliver*, you seem out of Temper.

S. Ol. Odd Madam! not at all.— You have made me too happy ever to be out of Temper again.— Indeed I am a little out of Money at Play,— and find my self a little out of my Brother *Lateair's* Graces, for he gave me a confounded Wipe within e'en now, whilst I was fretting at my Loss.

Am. Nay, then I am sorry that I am forc'd to chide you too.

S. Ol. Odd, Madam! I hope not.

Am. You'll excuse me, since what I am saying proceeds from Friendship to your Daughter.

S. Ol. Friendship to us both, Madam, I hope. But pray what are your Commands?

Am. Why, for her sake,— I positively will be angry with you,— that my Lord has Occasion to tax you with Indifference at the first Proposal of this Alliance.

S. Ol. Pray what Indifference?

Am. Why he says this was only a third Affair you came to Town about— and that if you could but have succeeded in your Chancery Suit,— and been once in the Pit at the Entertainment of *Faustus*,— you would have return'd to *Bruin Hall* with as much Satisfaction.—

S. Ol. Hold, hold you, I pray; — if I had but succeeded;— why what does he mean by that? Why, I did succeed both in *Westminster-Hall* and the Play-house, for I saw the Devil in one, and got the better of the Doctor in t'other,

Am.

Am. You have such a particular Turn in your Conversation, that it agrees with what *Lateairs* says, That you behave as if you had been instructed by no-body but your self.

S. Ol. Adod, Madam, that may be; — and if he had done so too, — why belike he would have had a Fool for his Master.

Am. Come, come, none of your Warmth, — for you shall have no Thoughts of breaking off a Relation with my Lord, if it is to *Melissa's* Prejudice; — tho' indeed he does abuse you as freely — as if you had been nearly related a long Time.

S. Ol. Well, but Madam, I hope my Girl has not set her Heart upon this Lord *Touper* already?

Am. Humph! I can't entirely answer for that, — no, indeed, I won't flatter you so far; — however, this I'll promise you, — that if I could think — the Match contrary to her Interest — I would use my best Endeavours to dissuade her from any violent Inclinations that way.

S. Ol. I'm sure I have found no such mighty Catch in this Bargain, — for a Moiety of Fortune is all they pretend to, — because it seems — there is a Crinkum of a Lord's Title on their Side.

Am. Sure you must be mistaken, Sir *Oliver*,

S. Ol. Hereafter, as you shall judge, — for I have seen a Rent-Roll of his Possessions, — with the divers Incumbrances thereupon.

Am. Bless me! I am surpriz'd to find — that your Copy and mine don't agree.

S. Ol. Craving your Pardon, Madam, — how came your Ladyship by the Perusal of any Copy?

Am. Poor Innocent! what, you can't guess, — why a well-jointur'd Widow should receive the Copy of an unmarried Nobleman's Estate?

S. Ol. Sure, Madam, he can't pretend —

Am. Yes, Sir, but he can, and does pretend: And since he has deceiv'd me basely, now the whole World shall know it. Oh! I can't bear the Thought — that I have stood so near Deception! Deception too from him!

An

An Idiot from Nature, and from Education, a Coxcomb.—
'Tis insupportable.

[Amoret walking about the Stage, and Sir Oliver following her.]

S. Ol. Nay, pray, Madam, compose yourself a little; tho' he is a Son of a Whore, I must confess. [Aside.

Am. That he should pretend to amuse me with a fraudulent Copy, and at the same time own that his Son's Addresses to your Daughter were only to serve as a Blind to give him easier Access to my House,—and so be your Rival, and delude you doubly.

S. Ol. Thinks he so? Have I then been drawn out of the Country, by his long Letters—and his fine Speeches,—and all his Crotchets,—and his Fariboles, and the Lord knows what.—Have my Hopes been enlighten'd with the resplendent Beams of the Glitteringness of your Ladyship's Eyes, and shall this Bastard of an Essence-Bottle pretend to deceive me in one Affair,—and eclipse me in t'other. Oons and Thunder, I shall burst with Rage.

[Sir Oliver walking about the Stage, Amoret following him.]

Am. Nay, pray, Sir Oliver, compose yourself a little.

S. Ol. Oons, Madam,—if I liv'd so long I should take up as much Time in cooling as the great Comet.

Am. Since you have this Reason to be dissatisfy'd—the keenest Stroke of Revenge would be to make the first Declaration of an open Rupture,—and to bestow your Daughter.—

S. Ol. Odd, Madam! what think you of Bellamine? He seems a pretty young Fellow—that's the truth on't.

Am. He is one whom you may find upon the least Enquiry to be by no means unworthy her Acceptance.

S. Ol. I'll about it immediately.

Am. But remember that it would be cruel in you to interpose with your paternal Authority, if her Fondness should happen to be fixt,——— where you first directed it.

S. Ol. Ah, Now you sink me into Despair again.

Am. I must leave you to think on that, or we shall be observ'd.

[Ex. Amoret.

Sir

Sir Oliver alone.

Here's a fine Gentleman to stand betwixt me and Preferment;—but Fops of his Age stand in every body's way,—yet any Person may whisk them round with their Thumb, and so go on as I do, about their Business. [Exit.

S C E N E *Changes.*

Lord Lateairs, Toupet, Melissa, Sagely, Bellamine, rising from Cards. Discovered.

L. Lat. I think *Sir Oliver* is the only Loser at the Table.

Bell. I believe we have divided his Honour's Money amongst us. [*Takes Sagely aside.*] I tell you I know from *Melissa*, that you were sent for again by *Amoret's* Approbation.

Sag. I begin now to be convinc'd with your Success there, that a Woman may have a secret Inclination to a Man's Person, tho' she may disapprove of some particular Custom.

Bell. Stick to that, and you are right; meet her half way, and please her Pride a little.

Enter Amoret.

Am. Your Servant, Gentlemen. Well, my Lord, what have you done here?

L. Lat. Only a dead Strip upon the Knight.

Am. What, your worthy Brother-in-Law?

L. Lat. Egad, I believe there is more Worth in a modern led Captain to a young Person of Quality.

Enter Sir Oliver hastily;— and runs against Lord Lateairs

S. Ol. So, now I find that my Turnstile Comparison holds good. [Aside.

L. Lat. This Fellow was brought into the World to the everlasting Destruction of Perriwigs.

S. Ol. I'm afraid I have disorder'd you a little, my Lord.

L. Lat. Why really,—as you say,—throwing a Man down, and afterwards walking over him, does sometimes a little disorder him.—The Puppy behaves with as much

Nonchalance as if he thought—I was not in the Secret of all his Behaviour. [Aside.]

S. Ol. If this Powder-Puff knew what I had heard from *Amoret*, perhaps his Assurance might fail him. [Aside.] But come, my Lord, we delay the main Business,—for, adod, I have a violent Inclination for the Marriage.

L. Lat. With *Amoret*, I suppose he means, [Aside.] And if I have not a strong *Penchant* that way too,—— I wish my Name may be the last in the *Italian* Subscription.

S. Ol. Well then, since both Parties are agreed, I hope the Company will not be surpriz'd, if I shew a Proof of my Inclination to it, by signing the Settlement.

L. Lat. The Company will be surpriz'd at nothing, but at the Proof of shewing you can write.

S. Ol. [Signs the Paper.] There then; and now, Lord *Toupet*, a word with you: [Coming forwards] I think that you came exprefs from *Paris* upon the same Account, that I rode post out of the Country.

Toupet. The very same.

S. Ol. Why then, because I would neither disappoint you in your Hopes, or refuse you my paternal Benediction: Lookee, Child, Heavens blefs you; and make you a greater Coxcomb than your Father yonder; — — and for you, Daughter, the second Edict must annul the first, I think, when I deliver the Contract to Mr. *Bellamine*, with his Name in it.

Mel. This, Sir, is more than what my Expectations could have form'd.

S. Ol. Nay, no Disputes, for the Family of the *Bruins* never yet suffer'd Contradiction from their Children.

L. Lat. *Mardi, le Benneft donnee le premier Coup.* [Aside.]

Bell. My Thoughts of Happiness crowd so thick upon me, that my Thanks would seem imperfect.

S. Ol. Why, then, let your Thanks alone till your Eloquence returns, for I expect 'em only from this Lady.

Am. The best Thanks you can receive from me, are my Instructions to you, not to fancy agen, that either your Person, or Behaviour, can recommend

I

you

you to my Favour.—The long Friendship I have had for your Daughter, justifies the Artifice I have us'd. You know very well, that it was Avarice which tempted you to propose the Match, and afterwards to break it off.—I therefore think my self to have succeeded in making her happy, and you contemptible.

S. Ol. Madam!—

L. Lat. Hark ye, *Oliver*, what say you? Suppose my Son's Wedding, and your's, were celebrated together to save Expences?

S. Ol. You're an affected old Coxcomb, and that Woman an errant Jilt.

Sag. Hold, Sir, you must not think of being scurrilous here.

Am. O! Let him alone; I think he has a Right to rail, and may say what he pleases.

S. Ol. Oons Madam! I have a mind to be in the wrong, and then I won't say what I please. [Exit.

L. Lat. Ha! ha! he! Yet this Fellow would set up to be my Rival too; but your Ladyship has done singular Justice, in ridiculing him up to an utter Breach of Acquaintance on my Account.

Am. On your Account! Nay, now my Lord, I must tell you plainly, I would use you both as ill, as I would any two People who are so much in fatherly Affection parallel Originals of their Kind.

L. Lat. And does it really happen, that this is the Sentiment your Ladyship resolves to take?

Am. Even so.

L. Lat. Why then for ought I can perceive, we are so much Parallels, that we are never like to meet in the same Centre.—Hark y'e *Toupet*, now, what Difference is there, pray do you think, between the Women of *France* and *England*?

Toupet. Egad! none, I believe; for I am sure they have all us'd me just alike.

L. Lat. Why then I'll teach you. For the future, whenever you meet with a fine Lady;—(by a fine Lady, I mean just such a one as that Lady yonder) one full as rigid in her Principles, as reserv'd in her Air, and as strict an Observer of

Truth;

Truth; why—you must wait on her with profound Obedience, interpret with the utmost Partiality each Glance into a Favour, hear with the utmost Credulity each Sentence which she utters, and then—when she comes to make her Declaration, 'tis not impossible but you may come at the same time to be laugh'd out of the Company—as I am now.

[Exit.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Toup. Igad, I think I'm come to that already. [Ex.

Bell. And now, Madam, after one Indulgence, give me leave, like a true Courtier, to ask you for a second; I mean, in favour of my Friend, who no more wants Merit, than you Discernment:—And if his Crime has been an over-acted Seriousness,—why one Smile of your's may easily reclaim him.

Sag. My Merit is only this — that when I saw thro' all your Indiscretions a real Worth, I wou'd have call'd Recollection to your Aid, and defended you from the busy Enquiries of Fame.

Mel. Nay, my dear, his Friendship must be real, since his Advice literally agrees with what I offer'd to you, out of the most sincere Affection.—But not to arrogate any Praise on that, I first thank you for your reciprocal Counsel on my Conduct, which I now perceive to be well judg'd.

Am. Well,—Lard,—what would you have one say? if you'll promise all to confess your selves in the wrong — I think I can be the first in owning my self to blame too.

Bell. That you shall not be, Madam,—as I hope to be saved,—for I will positively subscribe before you. Why, Madam, before this happy Union,—I—I—I never thought my self in the Right in my Life.

Sag. [To Amoret.] This is too much for you to own.—Alas, I tremble at the Apprehension of a Folly—which made me visit you rather like an Instructor than a Lover.—What a strange Figure must I have made in expressing those Thoughts which only flow'd from Tenderness and Honour!

Am. That they flow'd only from that Source my most secret Reflection always taught me; — and when I look back with Regret on those idle Vanities which would have given the Face of Guilt even to the most unspotted Innocence,

cence, I owe such Thanks to you, that I can only now repay by giving you my Hand, where, *Melissa* knows, my Inclination long had fix'd it.

Sag. Quite lost in wild Extravagance of Joy; I take it as the richest Present the most flattering Hope could warm me to obtain; and to convince you further of my Sincerity, I must now declare a Secret which I have not yet disclos'd ev'n to *Bellamine*:—But I am sure he won't call that any Distrust of his Friendship, because I rather chose to please you, as a low Captive to your Beauty, than to amuse you with any glittering Shows of Grandeur.—You seem surpriz'd; but to explain my self,—My Letters this Morning inform'd me of a distant Relation's Death, by which not only my Estate is considerably encreas'd, but a Title falls to me, which ranks me a Peer of *England*.

Am. This is real Generosity.

Bell. How, how, my Lord, what, sink a Title upon me!—Yet since you meant it so honourably, your Success has been answerable, and I wish that your Punishment may be always thus equal to your Crime. And now, I hope, you will all be as frank (as I am) in your Confessions, when I own it my sincerest Thought, That—

*Not laughing Ease alone the Fair should gain,
Mel. Nor We be always arm'd with cold Disdain.*

Sag. Nor Men hope Bliss, when fullen in Address,

Am. Nor Woman's Levity deserve Success.

*Bel. All then, like me, this Maxim must approve,
Gayly to court, but seriously to love.*

F I N I S.



